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CHRONICLE.

The Queen. HER MAJESTY left Portsmouth on Tuesday last for Cherbourg and Aix-les-Bains, at which latter place she arrived next day.

"You cannot think, Sir" [or "My Lord"], in Parliament. Dr. JOHNSON would have said on Friday week to any Gladstonian peer whom he met, "how poor a figure you cut to-night." And he would have said it justly. According to the lords who then spoke against Lord SALISBURY's motion acknowledging the services of the Special Commission, a gross injustice was being done. Yet these bold barons, these belted earls, dared venture no amendment, dared not even divide against the motion, though subsequently, and as taking their lives in their hands, they ventured to "protest." Lord GRANVILLE, who finished on their side, seems to have felt the hopelessness, not of his numbers, but of his case—a sign of at least grace in him. As for Lord HERSCHELL, who opened on the same side, he may be asked to reflect whether it is not a rather awkward thing for an English judge to assume that English judges are partial and partisan? May not the profane be inclined to think that Lord HERSCHELL judges the action of Sir JAMES HANNEN and his colleagues from his sense of how he would himself act? Lord KIMBERLEY thought that Mr. PARNELL had been treated cruelly. Those who care to know what Lord KIMBERLEY thinks might inquire whether he thought the treatment, say of the CURTIN family, kind. Lord SPENCER thought that it was "pedantry and hypocrisy" to put intimidation on the same level with outrage; which shows that, at the period when Mr. O'BRIEN ebonized Lord SPENCER'S character and not his boots, Lord SPENCER must have been a pedant and a hypocrite like few. Lord ROSEBERRY talked of "the palaces of Venice and Versailles," and was apparently under the impression that Lord EDWARD FITZGERALD was a peer. For our part, we should be content to let any man of wits judge the case from these Opposition speeches alone, though it is needless to say that Lord SALISBURY, Lord SELBORNE, Lord DERBY, and the LORD CHANCELLOR were worthy of the occasion. The debate, as a whole, exhibited the usual, but too seldom exemplified, superiority of the Upper House when compared with the Lower. After all, what is wanted more than the already noted fact that the non-contents did not dare to challenge a division on which, by the showing of their speeches, each one of them, if he could only get tellers and himself together, ought to have insisted at any cost? Meanwhile in the Lower House Mr. LABOUCHERE'S idle motion about the peers themselves, on which Mr. CURZON spoke well, was discussed and rejected. Some miscellaneous conversation was also indulged in, especially on cattle disease, and fair progress was made in Supply.

Another field night, though in the other House, was provided on Monday by Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR'S introduction of the Irish Land Bill, which was received with excellent, but perhaps rather ominous, good taste by Mr. GLADSTONE, and read a first time without opposition. The scheme, which is very ingenious and elaborate, distinguishes itself from all previous schemes by the pains taken to prevent any undue burden on the credit of the nation, and by the multiplicity of securities provided against loss from default on the tenants' part. Some folk might like it better if it did not touch the gold of ACHAN in the shape of the Irish Church Surplus; but this is about its only fault. It is highly significant that, while English Gladstonians are exclaiming against the call on the English taxpayer, Mr. PARNELL and his followers are loud in

declaring the exact opposite—that the Irish cesspayer is the victim. This is a good tell-tale, and in general it may be said that, while the Bill was certain to be abused, such abuse as it has actually received, whether from English Gladstonians, from the Parnellites who see in it a fatal blow to their seats and salaries, or from that hopeless and impossible section of Irish landlords who do nothing to avert their own misfortunes and everything to embarrass their allies, is of the most encouraging and flattering character. The House of Commons (always in a virtuous frame of mind just before a holiday) was not even satisfied with this, but debated an Allotment Acts Amendment Bill introduced by Mr. RITCHIE. In the course of this debate Sir WILLIAM HARcourt tried to say nasty things, and, instead, drew them down on himself and his colleagues. Neither side, unfortunately, has a monopoly of false enthusiasm for this matter, but at least the present Government did not come into office on the question and then do absolutely nothing in regard to it. On the same night Lord BROWNLAW, in a discussion on Volunteers in the Upper House, made the important announcement that the Government intended to construe the mandate of the Lower House on Sir EDWARD HAMLEY'S motion the other day as an instruction to busy themselves with equipment; and Lord DUNRAVEN made the odd, but not surprising, request to be relieved of the Chairmanship of the Sweating Committee, every member of which had declined his draft Report. The Lords also threw out, by three to one, an exceptionally silly Bill of Lord BEAUCHAMP'S for the separation of railway waiting and refreshment rooms. It really would be simpler if Lord BEAUCHAMP, or somebody else, would bring in a Bill for providing every Englishman and Englishwoman, at the expense of the State, with a keeper-drynurse, who should not leave the patient's side for a moment from the cradle to the grave, and should have full authority to restrain him or her from all excesses.

On Tuesday Mr. MUNDELLA called the long-threatened "attention" of the House of Commons to the wicked conduct of the Education Department—first, in allowing schools at Salisbury and York to be provided by voluntary effort; and, secondly, in not constraining Salisbury and York to provide them otherwise. The debate (at the close of which Mr. MUNDELLA'S motion was thrown out by 167 to 115) showed more clearly than ever the desire of political Nonconformists to destroy the equality established by law between Voluntary and Board schools, and the purely sectarian character of their complaints. Then, as is now usual on the nights which private members enjoy, there was a count-out. It would appear that these earnest legislators argue, "Our nights are so few that they are not worth having." During the sitting a very curious conversation, in which Gladstonians complained of the price of the second edition of the Special Commission Report being reduced, showed how afraid they are of that Report being read.

On Wednesday, a more useful afternoon than that day commonly provides now was spent on the discussion and rejection, by small but sufficient majorities, of two mischievous measures—Dr. CLARK'S Bill for the State Encouragement of Carpetbaggers (technically called the Parliamentary Elections, Scotland, Bill, and providing for the placing of election expenses on the rates), and Mr. RUSSELL'S Irish Local Veto Bill (the *pêché mignon* of that excellent Unionist but misguided social reformer). We ought to do Mr. MARJORIBANKS the justice to say that, in the discussion of the first-named Bill, he offered to accept a variant on the suggestion made here the other day, to the effect that candidates not polling a certain proportion of the votes should not receive their expenses. Some such provision, even under present arrangements, is much needed in

view of perfectly wanton and ridiculous candidatures like Mr. LEIGHTON's recently in St. Pancras.

Thursday was almost entirely occupied by the Tithes Bill, which was introduced by Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH in a speech of moderate length and tone. The moderation of the Opposition may be judged from Mr. PICTON'S opening remark, that the tithes were the nation's property—which is exactly what, in the teeth of all evidence, Mr. PICTON has got to prove. The debate will be found fully noticed in another page; we need only say here that the importance of the question and the variety of interested opposition which this and any settlement must meet call for steady support of the Government from its followers.

How great the Unionist victory at Ayr is probably few know except those who heard private reports beforehand from the constituency. It is sufficient to say that nearly all Gladstonians confidently claimed victory during the unusually long period which elapsed between the polling and the announcement, and that some of them have had the grace and frankness to confess sincere disappointment and chagrin at the result, while others have sickened thereat with ghastly merriment. It is another instance of the fact that Unionism has not much to fear when ordinary precautions are taken. Another set of boroughs seemed too likely to give an illustration of the same fact the other way. At Carnarvon the old and apparently incurable fault of Unionist management—the neglect to be ready with a suitable candidate—was repeated, and the advantage thus given to the Gladstonians in a constituency where the numbers are so closely balanced must be very great. Fortunately, after the refusal of Mr. MARCHANT WILLIAMS, Mr. ELLIS NANNEY, a good local candidate, who had previously declined on the score of health, had the patriotism to reconsider his decision. But much valuable time has been lost, and a damaging sense of unreadiness has been created. Meanwhile, the Unionist, Dr. RENTOUX, has been returned unopposed in East Down, and Mr. VESEY KNOX, on the other side, has had the same good fortune in County Cavan. The contest at Windsor has been formally engaged by Mr. RICHARDSON GARDNER'S retirement, and in Mr. GRENFELL the Separatists have a candidate dangerously popular on the riverside, though it is hoped that Mr. TRESS BARRY will be equal to the occasion.

On Monday night Mr. GLADSTONE was entertained at dinner by the somewhat scanty and exceedingly undistinguished body of metropolitan members of Parliament of his persuasion, and entertained them in return with a speech. This was reported in full by the *Times*, but very properly boycotted by the *Daily News* on the plea of want of due accommodation for the press, which the haughty aristocrats who managed the feast would not, it seems, provide. The *Daily News* man did not lose much if he did go away in a rage. We cannot speak as to the dinner; but the speech was about twice as far below Mr. GLADSTONE'S last considerable effort as that was above his other recent utterances. On the same night Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave an unwonted, but interesting, interlude in the midst of a Liberal-Unionist dance at Birmingham by pronouncing a well-deserved panegyric on the English rule in Egypt which he has just studied on the spot, and announcing frankly his conversion on the subject of the English occupation. It is astonishing what good dispositions a man of brains develops when he once shakes off the fatal influence of Mr. GLADSTONE. Wednesday was a day portentously full of speeches. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, who is always worth listening to when he can keep away from politics, delivered a pleasant address at the opening of a new annexe to Guy's Hospital, and eulogized the vulnery virtues of leaves. Sir WILLIAM HARROD, his *jeur ulcerosum* boiling with fury at the Ayr election, spoke at Grimsby in support of Mr. Josse (*qui est orfèvre ?*), and abused the Land Purchase Bill. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, in London, "censured the administration of Mr. 'BALFOUR,'" who will, no doubt, at once resign. Lord ROSEBERY, who seems this week to be possessed with a mania for alliteration, rudely, but not altogether inaccurately, described the London cab of the last generation as possessing "a beast in the shafts and a beast on the box." Mr. JUSTIN McCARTHY lectured on the poets and poetry of '48 to an audience of Home Rulers, and probably did not tell them that, if any human being wants to read the *ne plus ultra* of flatulent rant, he should devote himself to the study of the greater part—there is a very small part which is better—

of that *corpus poetarum*. Lord BRABOURNE once more put himself at the head of the enemies of the Tithes Bill. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, dining with the Chambers of Commerce, pointed out to France how much better it would be for her not to be Protectionist—a point on which, unluckily, France does not seem to agree with Sir MICHAEL. Sir WILLIAM MARRIOTT and Lord DUNRAVEN observed, as we have observed, that if the Gladstonians wish not to hear the last of the Special Commission, it is not Unionists who will baulk them. And, lastly, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON put himself on his defence at the meeting of the Institute of Naval Architects, whereat was much other speaking, with which we deal elsewhere.

Foreign Affairs.

The usual gossip has, as it was sure to be, been started in reference to the resignation of Prince BISMARCK; but nothing has appeared in the least inconsistent with the two general propositions on the subject, which must commend themselves to all competent judges—that the EMPEROR felt the superiority of the PRINCE irksome, and that the PRINCE was the last man to disregard—or to forgive—the EMPEROR'S feeling. Meanwhile the Emperor WILLIAM has summed up his views of the situation in a letter by the words "So now full steam ahead." That was what the engine said at the end of M. ZOLA'S last novel, when the driver and stoker had left it to its own devices. His Imperial Majesty has been more safely employed during the present week in hospitably entertaining the PRINCE OF WALES. Count HERBERT BISMARCK'S resignation has at length been accepted, and his father has left Berlin in the midst of a popular demonstration not common in phlegmatic Germany, and more usual even elsewhere, according to satirists, in the case of a coming than of a going Minister. For the PRINCE it has been "Roses, roses, 'all the way' to the last, if not at the first."—More authentic intelligence (it is impossible to find decent words to indicate how far such intelligence stands apart from newspaper telegrams) has been published in regard to the affairs of Crete. It may be summed up as showing that CHAKIR PASHA'S good faith and his good works are both unquestionable, and that what remnant of disorder exists may be set down almost wholly to foreign (chiefly Greek) agitation, and to the countenance given to that agitation by Englishmen, who, it is to be hoped, know not what they do.—There have been great difficulties in Russia with the students—always a bad sign.

Some good news has been received from India recently. Sir DAVID BARBOUR was able at the end of last week to present an unusually favourable financial statement, involving the restoration in part of the "Famine Grant," while providing for what is more important to India than all possible famine grants—a liberal expenditure on national defence. The Chinese Amban has at last signed what is held to be a satisfactory treaty in the Sikkim matter, and if the Lamas do not observe it (which is exceedingly probable) our hands are now quite free as regards the Celestial Empire. With that Empire all sensible Englishmen desire to be on good terms, inasmuch as it might be very useful in the struggle for Asia which may take place some day. Officials are equally sanguine about the results of the Chin-Lushai expedition, as to which it is only necessary to say that we shall see: the death of Major GORDON-CUMMING does not look like it.

The Crewe Murder. Opponents of capital punishment are not usually the most logical of mortals; but it is a stretch of unreason even for them to argue from the reprieve in the MAYBRICK case in favour of the Crewe murderers. Rational persons (we cannot speak for shriekers) who deprecated the infliction of the death penalty on FLORENCE MAYBRICK based their arguments on the fact that, though attempt to murder (a crime not now punished with death) was very probable, the fact of death being the result of that attempt was extremely doubtful. In the Crewe case, as we show at length elsewhere, murder, and deliberate murder, is undoubtedly, so that reprieve can only take place on the dangerous score of youth or the score (more dangerous still, and not urged by the jury in their recommendation to mercy) of provocation. But to argue with an anti-capital-punishment man is probably as vain as to argue with an advocate of the spread of contagious diseases.

The University Sports came off on Tuesday, The University Sports and Boat-race. with the result that Cambridge won six events to three; these three, however, included the quarter-mile, mile, and three-mile races, Oxford thus maintaining an old superiority at the mile. Of the suc-

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cesses of Cambridge, the long jump and the hundred yards were very good. The next day the Boat-race, as was anticipated, provided the best fight of its kind for years, and, the afternoon being a fine one, attracted a much larger number of sightseers than usual. Contrary to the recent opinion of experts (deceived, as they often are, by a quick trial), Oxford won, and won very well. So deplorable is the madness of party spirit among us that an enthusiastic partisan of the winners is said to have remarked, when the news reached him, "That comes of getting rid of a Home Rule coach in time!"

The tide is still setting very strongly in the Miscellaneous direction of great gifts for public purposes, Lord CADOGAN having, as was announced on Monday, presented the GUINNESS Trustees with a site in Chelsea for their operations which is equivalent to a money donation of 40,000*l.*—On Thursday two results of two curious litigations—one in France, one in England—between former partners of different kinds were made known. In the suit (it sounds like CASTOR *v.* POLLUX) between MM. ERCKMANN and CHATRIAN the former obtained heavy damages from M. CHATRIAN's associates, though M. CHATRIAN himself was not "cast." In the Birmingham case of DAY *v.* ROBERTS, the plaintiff, who, contrary to the wont of plaintiffs in such cases, had in reality been abominably treated, was awarded the still heavier damages of 2,500*l.* for breach of promise, assault, fraud, and slander, against one of the choicest specimens of the worshipful fraternity of sporting publicans which even that class has ever furnished in a court of justice.—A very important decision has been given by Mr. Justice STIRLING, holding one of the Trustees of the Cardiff Savings Bank liable for the defalcations of the actuary.

The death-list of the week is headed by the Obituary. Duke of MANCHESTER, who was well known for his interest in colonial matters, and represented a family especially distinguished in the seventeenth century, but never possessing any more than a nominal connexion with the great town from which it took its title.—Among other losses may be mentioned the Rev. the Honourable F. R. GREY, Rector of Morpeth, and brother of Lord GREY, one of the best known of the Northumbrian clergy, and Dr. BRETE, of Christ's Hospital, who, if not the *doyen* in years, was one of the most respected of the motley body of foreign-language masters in English schools.

Art and Letters. The operatic event of the week was the production of M. SAINT-SAËNS's *Ascanio* at Paris; the artistic the sale of several works of Mr. G. F. WATTS, including the famous *Love and Death*, at CHRISTIE'S. Mr. WATTS is not frequent on the *catasta*, and it is interesting to compare the 1,400*l.* in round numbers which this picture fetched, and even the 1,700*l.* given for another, with the thousands paid for the vulgar cleverness of certain more popular painters. Among books we may notice a handsome edition (NUTT) of DEFOE's *Complete Gentleman*, from the MS. which used to belong to Mr. CROSSLEY, and is now in the British Museum, by a German scholar, Dr. BÜLBRING.

THE ADMIRALTY AND ITS CRITICS.

THE tone of the speeches made at the annual meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects was what we can only describe as official and cocksure, and officially cocksure. Mr. W. H. WHITE, F.R.S. (the Assistant Controller of the Royal Navy and Director of Naval Construction), had the bulk of the talking before dinner, and the FIRST LORD had it afterwards. They were both emphatic in declaring that everything was all right, that whatever was wrong was not their fault, and that there were a great many pestilent paragraphs in newspapers. As for the second head of the discourse, we are indifferent to it. No doubt official gentlemen are burdened with the consequences of errors committed before their time, and get scolded for what is no fault of theirs. The only consolation we can suggest is that they can hand errors on to their successors, who will do penance for them in turn. Heads I. and II. may be thrown together. The blunders which the official gentlemen tell us are not committed are commonly reported in "unauthorized paragraphs" of newspapers. Of course, if the errors are not committed, then the papers are wrong. Mr. WHITE and Lord GEORGE were both hearty

in condemnation of the journals which say unauthorized things. This is a common enough official tone, but it is a silly one. What is an "unauthorized paragraph"? Whatever is not put in by the officials, we suppose. It is a curious thing that we should have to say so to two gentlemen who are not in their cradles; but Lord GEORGE and Mr. WHITE live, whether they have found it out or not, in a country in which the press does not confine itself to repeating what it is authorized to say. Moreover, it is the case that in this realm of England a paper is judged by the truth of what it prints. When its assertions turn out to be well founded, nobody cares a jot whether or no they were previously authorized by any Mr. WHITE. Now, as a matter of fact, we are of opinion that a great deal which has been said about naval administration of an unfavourable character has been proved by the acts of the Admiralty itself to be well founded. Why were Inspectors brought into the dockyards if something was not wrong? Why has the Admiralty begun testing its ships more severely if the old tests were sufficient? Why are the newest battle-ships being built on new plans if the old ones were so good? Why are the great guns to be given up if they are so admirable? Of two things one must be true. Either the Admiralty knows it was wrong, or it has not the courage to stand its ground when it knows it was right. It may select whichever horn of the dilemma it pleases, but whether it be upon the one or the other, it crows in confidence with a very bad grace. One listens to that noise with the feeling that, whatever it may be, it is neither evidence nor argument.

Mr. WHITE's own apology for the Admiralty was full from first to last of confessions that his department has been wrong, and the "unauthorized" critics right. It has long been a standing accusation against the Admiralty that the measured-mile trial was a delusion. We know that this was so from the fact that under a great deal of pressure new tests have been adopted. On Wednesday Mr. WHITE devoted a very material part of his speech to showing why it was a mere sham as a trial of a vessel's sea-going powers. He explained to an audience largely consisting of admirals that the sea is not always calm, that coal is not always equally good, nor all stokers equally skilful, and that ships' bottoms get foul. We knew all this before our fellow-ladman was so good as to tell us. It was just because we knew it that we always called the measured-mile trial a sham. Yet for years the Admiralty applied no other, and persisted in ranking ships by what they did once under exceptionally favourable circumstances. They have ceased to do so certainly, but thereby they have confessed they were formerly wrong, and have, we beg to point out, no right to lecture their critics in the high-sniffing tone of Mr. WHITE. With what he says as to the impossibility of building warships which will be equal in speed to the great ocean packets we agree; but every word he uttered was a condemnation of the old Admiralty practice of claiming to have built ships capable of overtaking a good Cunarder. The fact that, since the introduction of steam, the superiority in speed is tending to pass from the war- to the merchant-ship is an important one. It will have a great effect in future naval wars; but if the Admiralty is so much wiser than the rest of us, it should not have delayed so long before finding this out. It would have been better to have told the truth long ago, instead of building class after class of cruisers with a measured-mile speed which would enable them to catch the *Umbria*, if it could be kept up, and then ranking them according to that purely artificial standard. After all, this country is the last which has any reason to regret the fact that merchant-ship may be able to walk away from a cruiser. Mr. WHITE gave some facts about the speed of the *Medea* which are a condemnation of the methods of his department. This vessel has a measured-mile speed of 19·9 knots; but for continuous steaming in fine weather her speed is 15½. For our part, we should be surprised if she does better than 12 on a long run. That, however, is not the point for the moment. What we want to remind Mr. WHITE of is that the *Medea* has continually figured in Admiralty lists and in statements as a 19·9-knot boat. We will believe either that the Admiralty did not know what it was talking about, or that it was deliberately saying the thing which was not, precisely as Mr. WHITE pleases. When he tells us which he prefers, he may also let us know what we are to make of the direct conflict of opinion between him and several of the naval officers present as to the effect of steaming at full speed under forced draught. The Admirals assert that it means

destruction. Mr. WHITE says no. One or the other must be wrong. His chief, Lord GEORGE, may be left to answer his assertion that the latest turret and barbette ships can fire right ahead without damage to themselves. It is only the other day that Lord GEORGE explained away the damage done to the *Trafalgar* by saying that in future battles a war-ship will, of course, blow off the whole of the upper deck on the low freeboard ends. Either the FIRST LORD or the CHIEF CONSTRUCTOR must be wrong. The remarkable notion of the value of evidence shown by Mr. WHITE inclines us to side with the FIRST LORD. The CHIEF CONSTRUCTOR declares that the heavy guns of our new turret-ships can be worked ahead in all weathers. If a naval officer of character were to tell us that he had so worked his guns, we should listen; but Mr. WHITE's security is different. We remember that the effect of end-on fire on our ships was never tested till the trial of the *Trafalgar*—and then it proved, *teste* Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, that we must be prepared to knock our own ships to pieces. In exactly the same tone Mr. WHITE asserted that no ships had been built too weak in our dockyards. If that is so, why do we hear so much of the "stiffening" of newly constructed vessels?

Lord GEORGE HAMILTON confined himself after dinner mainly to the question of our great guns. He did explode rather comically—considering the presence of Sir EDWARD REED—about the disappointed persons who abuse the Admiralty because it will not take their plans. These persons may console themselves by the reflection that their criticisms have been to a large extent adopted. But the guns supplied the bulk of his speech. It is a sore subject, and Lord GEORGE spoke as one who is sore. He did his best to lay the blame for them on his predecessors, and succeeded fairly well. He also made the curious assertion that one big piece of firearms represents the concentrated fire of many smaller ones. If the smaller ones are adequate to the piercing and killing to be done, this is a mistake, because you are much more likely to hit with several weapons than with one. A much smaller gun than the 67-tonner will do all the smashing needed, and as six of such guns could be carried in place of two of the bigger calibre, we should have just three times as good a chance of destroying the enemy. On a level with this were his lordship's remarks that the cavil against hydraulic machinery is the stupid Toryism of people who oppose all development of mechanical power, and that machines have no nerves, and are, therefore, more trustworthy than the men who use them—who have nerves. But the history of the gun, its power of piercing a target, and the FIRST LORD's knowledge of Ballistics, are all beside the question. The beauties and merits of big guns and hydraulic machinery in the abstract may be whatever the FIRST LORD pleases. What we have to consider is the worth of certain great guns now on board certain of HER MAJESTY'S ships. Those guns, Lord GEORGE tells us, are bad, so bad that the Admiralty will have no more of them, and dare not test those it has. Yet they are to remain on board, and are to represent the effective fighting power of the ships carrying them for some years at least. Now, whoever was originally responsible, this is bungling. We do not go to paragraphs in papers for our facts. Lord GEORGE is evidence enough for us, and out of his mouth we condemn his department in this matter. Guns which cannot be tested are worth nothing, and ships armed with them are very badly armed. No snarling at unauthorized critics will get over those facts.

THE CREWE MURDER.

THE conviction at Chester of the brothers DAVIES for the murder of their father under particularly barbarous circumstances was an event which no one acquainted with the details of the shocking story could possibly have failed to expect. Nor is there any reason to be surprised that that conviction should have been followed by the usual endeavour to organize an agitation for the reprieve of the convicts. When a murder has attracted any special attention, either, as in this case, because of its exceptional atrocity, or for any other reason, the motives for setting to work at once to upset a hostile verdict by popular clamour are too obvious and too cogent to be neglected if there is any shadow of a plausible excuse for acting upon them. Such an agitation makes a great deal of exceedingly popular "copy"; it affords a magnificent opportunity for the hundreds of incontinent

fools who are never so happy as when they are exhibiting, in a letter to an editor, their folly, their ignorance, and their sublime unconsciousness of both; and it affords a capital advertisement for the enterprising persons who draft petitions, organize public meetings, and collect subscriptions.

In the Crewe case there was ample foundation for such an agitation in the evidence as to the customs of the DAVIES household which was elicited in cross-examination by the counsel for the defence. That it should have been so elicited is rather remarkable, and shows how hopeless the possibility of escaping a conviction was felt to be. If there had been the least possibility of doubt in any mind as to the fact that the two prisoners were the murderers, this evidence would have been adduced on behalf of the prosecution, in order to show motive. As it was, it was brought out most fully for the defence, in order, by exciting popular prejudice against the deceased man, to obtain from the jury a recommendation to mercy, and to appeal with more noisy vehemence to the SECRETARY OF STATE for a remission of the capital sentence. Flabby want of morality is so fashionable a failing in all ranks of society at the present time that it is quite likely that large numbers of people consider the guilt of parricide to be seriously diminished by the circumstance that the murdered man is alleged to have been a harsh, selfish, and far from amiable head of his family. The tendency of the day is to be ready to accept excuses, and the acceptance of excuses is at the root of all cowardice and dishonesty. If RICHARD and GEORGE DAVIES were starved or overworked by their father, they should have put up with it until they were old enough and strong enough—which RICHARD certainly was—to go away and shift for themselves. If it is true that the deceased man treated his wife cruelly, the law offered her a varied assortment of more or less effective remedies. But the mere fact that the family was ill-treated, however much or little it may have been ill-treated, was no justification or mitigation whatever of the foul and wicked crime of the two young convicts. Not a bit more in morality than in law can the fact that there was a motive for crime excuse the commission of crime. If there were no motives for crime, it would be unnecessary to make laws to repress it.

It is satisfactory to observe that the jury by whom the prisoners were convicted did not yield to the implied argument that, because a father treats his family brutally, members of his family are entitled brutally to murder him. They recommended the two young men to mercy, indeed, but on the express ground of their youth. One can understand that a Secretary of State might be reluctant to recommend the conditional pardon of one and not of another of two equal co-operators in a diabolical crime. But in this case it seems by no means necessarily unreasonable to make a distinction—though we are far from offering an opinion as to whether this is or is not a case in which a distinction ought to be made—between an elder brother of nineteen and a younger brother of sixteen. It may be—we have no means of knowing in the least whether it is—the fact that RICHARD at nineteen exercised an almost overwhelming elder brother's influence over GEORGE at sixteen. That RICHARD is of the sort of hypocritical wretches by whom cold-blooded murders are usually committed is pretty clearly shown in a canting letter written by him before his trial to a young friend, and recently published in the newspapers. But it does not follow that he may not have been the prime instigator of the murder. The fact that he is only nineteen certainly does not in itself give him any claim to merciful consideration. A young man of nineteen has nearly as much moral and legal responsibility as he ever will have, and is undoubtedly old enough to be hanged if he deserves that fate otherwise. The case of GEORGE is different. It can hardly be that RICHARD acted entirely under GEORGE's influence, while it may be that, though GEORGE—most likely—actually struck the original and fatal blow, he was morally a little less culpable than RICHARD. On the other hand, he may deserve to be hanged quite as much. It does not appear to us that a boy of sixteen is necessarily too young to be put to death if he is guilty of murder, but in such a case the recommendation of the jury that mercy should be extended to him does not carry its own condemnation on its face. By advising the reprieve of the younger brother, and declining to advise that of the elder, Mr. MATTHEWS would sufficiently give effect to the recommendation of the jury, and would at the same time abstain from giving any countenance to the monstrous doctrine—advocated, we are

sorry to see, in quarters where we should have expected better sense and sounder morality—that any amount of paternal tyranny can palliate the guilt of wilful, cold-blooded, and deliberate parricide.

THE SERVICES' COMMISSION.

THE Report of Lord HARTINGTON's Commission begins with a sentence which should be a warning to those who may be inclined to expect much from the labours of this body. "On entering," it says, "upon the inquiry entrusted to us, we found that a great mass of information bearing upon it had already been collected by Commissions and Committees which had previously investigated the administration of the navy and army." Undoubtedly the members of this last Commission must have found this out, if they did not know it before; and the "mass of information" presented or presentable to them is very great. It is certainly not for want of Commissions and Committees, of strenuous inquiry and the accumulation of piles of evidence, that the administration of our navy and army has been and is defective. An ill-natured commentator might say that our long-continued and frequently-renewed efforts have chiefly served to illustrate the old truth that the bad workman is for ever complaining of his tools. Whether or not it is put so crudely as this, the fact remains that we have reorganized Admiralty and Horse Guards and War Office again and again; but that, after all, things go on much as they did before. Some economy of time and money has unquestionably been occasionally effected by our reforms; but nothing has been done by them which has as yet prevented the periodical revival of outcry over the defects of our system and consequent efforts to improve it. Lord HARTINGTON and his colleagues had a glaring instance of the futility of these efforts before their eyes. They themselves followed on the very heels of a departmental inquiry into the administration of the dockyards. It had made recommendations which have led to certain changes—for the most part in the form of new offices or rearrangements of old ones. There had also just been a Special Commission on the supply of stores. It also made recommendations, and something was done in consequence. In spite of it all, however, while Lord HARTINGTON's Commission was actually inquiring into what had been already inquired into *ad nauseam*, ships were being built which require to be "stiffened" before they are tried, and guns are being supplied which Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has confessed are not to be trusted. What, then, was the good of all that preliminary inquiry, or of the appointment of new inspectors, and so forth?

We have looked through the Report of Lord HARTINGTON's Commission in search of some evidence that it will not be as futile as its many predecessors, and we have looked to no purpose. A certain number of recommendations are made by it principally concerning rearrangements of ranks and duties in the War Office, which are likely to prove moderately advantageous. Coherence and exact definition of duties and proper divisions of responsibility are good, no doubt, and, as far as the War Office is concerned, some slight advantage will be obtained by following the advice of the Commission. But if the test of good administration is the production of good work, and not mere paper ordeliness, then we see no reason to suppose that the services will be materially better off for the labours of the Commission. This is not the fault of Lord HARTINGTON and his colleagues, but the inevitable consequence of the nature of things. The Commission listened to very sweeping proposals, which were to have led to the due apportioning of responsibility and to the proper employment of professional skill. One scheme was that the First Lord and the Minister of War should be rolled into one and called the Minister of Defence. Another, propounded by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in a memorandum which shows what an effective leading-article writer the press has lost in him, proposes to simplify matters by doubling the existing number of Ministers. He proposes to have two professional officials holding their offices for a term of years who will sit in the Lords, and two Secretaries of State who will look after financial and Parliamentary matters in the Commons. The Commission declined to accept either of these fancy schemes, and we think rightly. The Minister of Defence looks tempting; but the navy will have none of him, being shrewdly of opinion that the army, which is a

more numerous body, lives more in London and goes more into Parliament, would soon have him in its pocket, which would not be to the advantage of the fleet. As for Lord RANDOLPH's scheme, it has one deadly weakness. It entirely omits to count with the power of the House of Commons. Lord RANDOLPH denies that it does, but he is mistaken. Whether the House ought to be master in the country or not, there is no doubt that it is. The Minister who sat there would very soon reduce his professional colleagues in the Lords to the position of the First Naval Lord or the Commander-in-Chief. What would be the position, say, of a Tory Lord High Admiral who, in his third year of office, found himself the colleague of a Radical Secretary of State for the Navy? It would be the position of a man who had to obey orders or go. Whether it be for our good or not, it is the fact that the ultimate authority in the country is now practically in the House of Commons, and no mechanical device Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL can invent will prevent power from being power and from having its way. Can Lord RANDOLPH or anybody else seriously believe that a Tory Commander-in-Chief, holding office for five years and sitting in the Lords, could have prevented Mr. CHILDESS from overriding the Rifle Committee? It may be said that a Secretary of State would shrink from the responsibility of overriding his professional colleague. We do not believe it, and we are sure that it would have to be a very clear case which would drive a naval or military gentleman to give up the best billet in the service. The Commission does not take notice of Lord RANDOLPH's slashing remarks on the hollow character of Ministerial responsibility. He says much which is true and which would be excellent journalism. Yet it would puzzle Lord RANDOLPH to say what effective responsibility could be brought home to a Minister for honest errors of judgment. A First Lord or a Secretary of State for War can be punished as it is for fraud or corruption or treason; but what punishment except loss of office or perhaps his seat can be inflicted on him for blunders committed with honest intentions?

The word responsibility is used a great deal both by the Commission and to it. There seems to be a vague confidence that, if we can only bring responsibility home, no matter for what or to whom, all work will be well done, and there is an equally vague belief that civilian Ministers do not take professional advice. On this last point there is a great deal of exaggeration. Now and then a Minister will override professional opinion, as Mr. CHILDESS did in the matter of the rifles, or a Cabinet will deplete the stores because it wishes to get credit for economy. Lord HARTINGTON knows of a Cabinet which did that very thing. But, as a rule, professional opinion is followed in technical matters. The long retention of the muzzle-loading gun, the use of the now-condemned monsters, the worst follies of the short-service system were all supported by professional opinion. For the rest, professional opinion is neither more unanimous nor more infallible than other opinion. As for the responsibility of which everybody talks, we should like to see it defined. Is a man to be responsible for more than trying to do his best? There is a story told about some French general—MAURICE of Saxony, or another—to the effect that he was asked by a pert person why he fought a battle which turned out badly. "Because, sir, I thought I should win," was the answer. It was the only one possible. A man can only think he is going to win, and do his best. No doubt it is a very fatal thing for a country when it trusts its work to men who judge wrong; but what organization ever has saved a country which is tolerant of blockheads from suffering at their hands? None, that we know of. The Commissioners complain that no machinery exists to secure co-operation between the services in war-time. For our part, we are of opinion that nothing can secure it except their duty to obey the Government and the patriotic zeal of their chiefs. The Commissioners have not shown that, if the Government is vigorous and the admirals and generals competent, there is anything in the present organization to prevent a co-operation, the nature of which must in any case vary infinitely, according to the character of the war. If neither the Government nor the commanders have brains or zeal, no organization will be of the least use. The practical man—who as often as not is only the blockhead plus the pedant—may not find much salvation in the gospel; but it is true that nothing but the love of good work and the faculty to do it ever has got, or can or will get, good work done. It would save us a great deal of talk and trouble if this elementary truth were recognized at once. If we have the

faculty and the will, our naval and military organizations will do very well as they are; they will prepare thoroughly in peace and act separately or together with effect in war. If we have not, then no reticketing, fidgeting with, and finger-ing of our weapons will do any good. If this were accepted as proved, we should at least have escaped our long list of Commissions and the equally long list of disappointments they have caused us.

SALADS.

IT was well done of the Royal Horticultural Society to invite M. the President of the Botanical Society of France to lighten our darkness on the subject of salads. The name of VILMORIN is known to those who know as second to none in Europe in the matter of kitchen gardening, and the salad is a great subject. Many persons, with or without the help of Concordances, have doubtless at the time we write remembered the opinion of JACK CADE on Salads, and we shall not insist on it even in these Socialist days. But it is fair to say that the decadence of the English salad is very modern, and is chiefly due to the potato, which has, or till lately had, become as much the Englishman's one vegetable as that which it is not lawful to mention was his one sauce. In the seventeenth century we had many more salads than M. DE VILMORIN enumerated, and even now most of those which he did enumerate are cultivated and eaten in very modest English gardens and households. In the experience of such a household, yucca, purslane, and, perhaps, that rather unpleasant-looking Celestial product, the *Stachys tuberifera*, may be omitted; but all the rest are in some cases, and should be in most, attempted. The two failures are in the British greengrocer and the British cook, the former of whom will not be persuaded to keep what his customers do not ask for, while the latter will not be persuaded that the soul of a salad is not vinegar. Almost might a man wish in his haste that vinegar were banished altogether from salads, though that were a rash and mistaken measure. Much more than almost might he wish that decent vinegar were obtainable in England, which is very rarely the case. Even our oil, which is not magnificent, is better than the hideous scientific abominations which have taken the place of honest soured beer and wine. Yet, again, the British cook abuses "dressing." Mayonnaise sauce is a very good thing, but it is not indispensable in a salad; indeed, we should half be inclined to say that egg in any shape is superfluous, though you may cut it up, and powder it about in small pieces, if you like. The oil of the spendthrift, on the other hand, and the vinegar of the miser, capers and anchovies, if possible, sugar in some cases, pepper to our fancy in all, and absolutely some form—chive, onion, shallot, or garlic—of alliaceous matter; most of these are necessary, and without some of them no salad shall be saved.

Where M. DE VILMORIN's lecture may do most good is in the inculcation of winter salads. Salad, contrary to British custom, is even more desirable in winter than in summer (inasmuch as it is sovereign for your rheumatism, and your biliousness begotten of inaction in bad weather), and it is as easy to get with brains and a garden as it is hard to get with money and a greengrocer. Take the two forms of chicory—barbe de capucin and witloef—which M. DE VILMORIN commended; they are so easy to grow that anybody can have them, only anybody doesn't. A bed of chicory the size of a dining-table, sown in June, the roots taken up, their tops twisted off, and themselves packed in earth as tight as you like at three weeks' intervals during winter, and put in a dark cellar, will supply a household. Witloef, which is still better, is a little more trouble, but not much; for, sowing it the same way, you bury the dug-up and topped roots in a trench, cover them with a little earth, heap any heat-giving material over it, and dig up things like agreeably bitter cos-lettuces just when you please. Corn-salad, which looks very pretty on the winter ground, and is no earthly trouble, has made its way to some extent, but by itself it is only a makeshift. Endive and lettuce are much better, and in particular we ought to grow much more Batavian endive than we do; but they are more troublesome. The cultivation of lettuce in such an autumn as that of last year, with the active slug successively devouring each batch of seedlings with neatness, punctuality, and dispatch, is apt to try the temper. Celery or round-rooted celery is less easy to grow than the books

say; but it is astonishing how desirable its white cooked slices are to match those of "the red root of the beet," as Mr. CALVERLEY sang long ago. Radishes should be kept out of salads and eaten alone, so should raw celery; both, excellent as they are, are too hard to go with softer things. As to "blanched salsify tops," which M. DE VILMORIN seems to have praised, we care not for them; the root of the matter of salsify is in the root, though people tell you that you can make asparagus out of the tops if you like. Still, variety is of the essence of salads, and salsify tops duly vary them. We can hardly have too many salad stuffs, or eat them too often, always providing that we do not drown them in vinegar à la GAMP and PRIG, or eat them dripping with water, even though the British cook loves to have it so.

MR. LABOUCHERE AND THE LORDS.

IT was expected that this year Mr. LABOUCHERE would conduct his annual attack upon the House of Lords with a more disciplined and concentrated vigour. It is a serious business, and appears to demand some gravity of treatment. Mr. LABOUCHERE had hitherto sought attention and popularity by the lighter arts of oratory—the joke, the gibe, the amusing paradox, the cynical bit of fun; but when a man of his kind has pushed his way to the neighbourhood of the Treasury Bench, it is generally thought advisable to take on an air of solid judgment now and then, and to show that the aspirant to Cabinet rank can be as weighty as witty, wise as well as waggish. On various occasions of late, Mr. LABOUCHERE had revealed some indications of a sense that the time had come when he, too, should play the part of the thoughtful and earnest legislator; and as it was understood that his proposal to revolutionize the House of Lords had engaged the support of some of his loftier colleagues, a lively and strenuous debate on that proposal was anticipated when Mr. LABOUCHERE brought it forward anew.

The anticipation was disappointed at all points. It happened that on the same evening the House of Lords was engaged in a set debate; and the members of the Commons House were so much engrossed by the eloquent and yet businesslike argument of the House of Peers, that they had little attention to bestow on the champion abolitionist of that effete Chamber. Mr. LABOUCHERE himself was not in his best form. His speech—a brief one, and apparently incapable of expansion—was humorous from end to end; and the humour of it seemed to have sickened under the shadow of an abandoned resolution to be grave. Here and there, indeed, there were some passages a little less like quipping, a little more like argument; but they were funny, too, because in effect they came to this: the House of Lords should be abolished for the reason that it is neither Gladstonian in sentiment nor Laboucherian in opinion. Like the greater number of persons in this island, it is Liberal with the Liberalism of Lord HARTINGTON, or Conservative with the Conservatism of Lord SALISBURY; and now, therefore, is the time to abolish that House. It is not a good argument; the more it is looked into the worse it appears; and Mr. LABOUCHERE did not improve it by his incidental appeals to reason and fact. When he complained that the House of Lords "constitutes a strong and permanent Conservative party in the government of the country," he only said that as a second legislative Chamber it is what all second legislative Chambers are intended to be; and they are found convenient on that very account in nearly all "constitutional" countries. When he argued from the fact that the property qualification had been done away with in the House of Commons, he reminded us that property should have some sort of representation somewhere. When he illustrated his contention by recalling the fact that "MIRABEAU, who was a peer of France [imagine SAINT-SIMON's feelings at this!], gained his immense influence in the early period of the French Revolution by electing 'to represent the Third Estate,' he further reminded us of these things following: Mr. LABOUCHERE himself would rightly maintain that men of the MIRABEAU stamp of intellect are not born in the ranks of the aristocracy alone; it is certain that neither wealth nor education nor opportunity is wanting to advance any number of MIRABEAUS that the British middle classes may be capable of producing; and the higher places of influence are to be found in the House of Commons (wherein these

MIRABEAUS are free to swarm), and not in the House of Lords. Next, Mr. LABOUCHERE instanced the obstructive iniquity of the Upper House at Westminster by pointing to its conduct "when it was proposed, last year, to give a large sum for the maintenance of the children of the PRINCE OF WALES." But what was the conduct of his own chiefs on that occasion, and what the bent of "Liberal" opinion and sentiment in general? To import the argument that HER MAJESTY'S Ministers "knew they would hardly be able "to carry on the business of the country" unless they were able to pay certain peers, or relations of peers, for obsolete duties in the Royal household, was only to expose the poverty of Mr. LABOUCHERE's resources for the occasion. It was ridiculous to damn the House of Lords with the question, "How many of its members are in favour of "Home Rule?" and all the more so because he brought into view at the same moment another and a different condemnation. And when Mr. LABOUCHERE wound up his speech with a reserve salvo of assertion that "not a Liberal Association throughout the country but was ready to "pass a resolution" like that before the House of Commons, he only meant that a portion of the Liberal party, which now usurps that name because its own is felt to be less respectable, was always, and still is, revolutionary; and that Revolutionary Radicalism is for smashing and pulverizing everything opposed to it: which is no new contribution to the data on which statesmanship proceeds.

In short, there was nothing in Mr. LABOUCHERE's speech that had not been said a hundred times before with more spirit, and with far greater adroitness in concealing poverty of argument and tyranny of intention. Mr. AATHERLEY JONES supported the honourable member for Northampton in a way, and so did Mr. COLERIDGE; but in what a way! There are means of saying foolish things, even ludicrously foolish things, in language that at first appears as if fitted to the voice of a higher wisdom than is commonly given to mankind. Mr. COLERIDGE has not the secret of such means; and if the mover of the resolution for downing with the House of Lords had looked about him to choose a man who should sink the subject in mindless twaddle, he could have done no better than fix his eye on Mr. COLERIDGE. The other supporter of the resolution, the only one, was more worthy of attention, though he must have known that from first to last he was dancing out of time to Mr. LABOUCHERE's tune. Mr. AATHERLEY JONES admitted the assertion that "the House of Commons possesses full and absolute power over the House of Lords" in the long run. Well, if that is the case, what more is wanted, except the abolition of restraint on the first and perhaps the impulsive and erroneous judgment of an elected Chamber, and therefore one which is frequently subject to sinister influences? More cannot be wanted, even by the sturdiest demagogue; and it is this that Mr. LABOUCHERE demands. Mr. AATHERLEY JONES does not seem to be sure that he does—quite; but what he certainly dislikes is the hereditary character of the House of Lords. Many people agree with him, moved by the ease with which the "hereditary principle" may be ridiculed. But if these Radicals are not "practical politicians," what do they claim to be? If their pretensions stand good, who but they habitually go by hard facts, the teaching of experience, the actual outcome? Yet they start from the hereditary principle with scorn because it is the hereditary principle, and without inquiry as to whether it is not as good as another if it works as well. It is very doubtful whether theoretically the hereditary principle is an unsound one; and this we are warranted in saying, not merely because there is a certain basis of physiological law and social influence to go upon, but because as a matter of fact the DERBYS and HARTINGTONS and GRANVILLES and SALISBURYS and ROSEBERYS do make a far better show of governing intellect than is drawn from the whole enormous mass of the rich and cultivated middle classes. Is there a better Second Chamber in the world than our own? It cannot be said that there is; neither can it be denied that, while the House of Lords is constantly recruited from the wisest and most capable Commoners in every sphere of public duty, the greater masters of statesmanship are hereditary peers at this day. It is true, as we are solemnly invited to consider, that "in no other civilized country is there an Upper hereditary Chamber," or at least so purely hereditary as ours; but what of that! This is Great Britain, and not another country; and no aristocracy elsewhere is so independent, so much in touch with other classes,

so familiar with the business of trade and agriculture; so fit to legislate in short. But the point is, Does there exist in any civilized country an Upper House which does the work of such a Chamber better, or that does it with less obstruction to the popular will? None can be named. The United States Senate is most honourable for its wisdom; but what is called its "machinery of obstruction" to the dictates of popular will is far in excess of anything at the command of the House of Lords; and, what is more, the machinery is largely automatic, working beyond the power of the Senate itself. However, we cannot and need not go further into the discussion. The House of Lords is no nearer destruction than it was when Mr. LABOUCHERE began his annual attacks upon it. Possibly its rules and even its constitution are capable of amendment; we think they are. But, as a last word at present, it may be as well to add that, if the House of Commons should ever think seriously of abolishing the House of Lords, it will contemplate an excess of its powers. The one House cannot abolish the other; that can only be done in the Cromwellian way and by sheer revolution.

THE GLADSTONIAN QUANDARY.

MINISTERS probably will not lay formal claim to the gratitude of the Opposition for an arrangement of public business which interposes the Easter recess between the first and second readings of the Irish Land Purchase Bill. But, whether they lay claim to that gratitude or not, they undoubtedly deserve it. To judge from the effect produced upon the English opponents of the Government by Mr. BALFOUR's explanation of the Ministerial Land Purchase scheme—an effect which has not diminished, but has gone on increasing in intensity of manifestation and in significance of import ever since—to judge from this, we say, it will take the bewildered party all their Easter holidays, and more, to get up some decent imitation of concert and to devise some outwardly united plan of resistance to the Bill. We refer, of course, to the English wing of the Parnellite party. The line of its Irish section was, of course, easy of forecast from the beginning, and was taken up by that section with a promptitude, not to say a haste, which we should call somewhat disrespectful to Mr. GLADSTONE, after his speech of last Monday night, if we did not think it quite probable that their immediate declarations against the measure were deliberately intended as a protest against Mr. GLADSTONE's attitude. They, at any rate—they mean to convey—have no idea of reviewing the Bill "in a comprehensive spirit," whatever that characteristic Gladstonian phrase may mean; they would as soon think of dealing in a comprehensive spirit with a proposal to cut off their salaries from the sustentation fund of the party, or even to unseat them and turn them out upon the cold world to begin life over again in the practice of some other and more respectable calling. The Ministerial measure threatens the occupation of all of them and the means of subsistence of many of them, and, of course, they laugh to scorn the notion of "severing such a question as that" from "party controversies." It is thoroughly understood—as it was, indeed, from the first—that they will do their very utmost to defeat the Bill; and it is pretty nearly as well understood that, whatever decorous pretences Mr. GLADSTONE—who is in many matters, his followers note with impatience, an old-fashioned politician—may think it becoming to maintain at the beginning of the discussion, irresistible political exigencies will compel him and his English followers to close up with the Parnellites, and join them in a vigorous and quite possibly a factious and obtrusive resistance to the Bill.

But the very fact that this is so plainly the goal to which inexorable necessity is pointing lends an element of the pathetic to the confused efforts of the Gladstonians to find some common route by which to reach it. Pathetic, indeed, is hardly a strong enough word to describe the spectacle which thus far they have presented to us. It is almost tragic. They have now had the best part of a week wherein to examine the Bill and its provisions; yet no two of them, politicians or newspapers, are of one mind as to their objections to it, while the only objections which have been heard at present have obligingly cut each other's throats on the moment of their appearance. One perplexed body of Gladstonian critics have, apparently, decided that the Bill must be assailed from the point of view of its bearing upon the English tax-

payer. But the drawback of this mode of attack is, that the assailants immediately find themselves engaged in mortal combat with another attacking party who are approaching the position from a different point. According to these latter critics, the capital vice of the measure is that it compels the non-agricultural portion of the Irish people to go bail for the tenant-farmers; and the more the risk incurred by this class is insisted on, the more ridiculous, of course, becomes the cry of danger to the English taxpayer. So, again, with the clamour about giving a bonus to the Irish landlords. Of what avail is it for one zealous Gladstonian to go about the country proclaiming against the favour thus shown to the landlords by the Government when another zealous Gladstonian is taking all the spirit out of his fellow-conspirator by denouncing the proposal that Irish tenants should receive, at the cost of their fellow-countrymen, such an extravagantly munificent boon as the prospective fee-simple of their holdings, accompanied with a great reduction in the meantime of the charges for its occupation? Collisions of this kind and such-like skirmishes in the dark, in which you hit your fellow-soldiers a dozen times for once that you strike the enemy, are most distracting and demoralizing to a political party; but we confess we do not see the way out of the situation. They may well despair of inventing any decently plausible excuse for attacking a Bill which is based on principles they themselves have repeatedly sanctioned, and which, though it applies these principles with a, to them, most disconcerting boldness, applies them also under safeguards of the most elaborate and ingenious description,—safeguards whose very elaboration and ingenuity at once provoke and defy criticism, at once incite to the allegation that the Bill is "too clever by half," and yet fail, or, at any rate, have hitherto failed, to yield any confirmation of this natural suspicion on a closer view.

Nevertheless, it will be admitted by the friends of the Government and their Bill that it is not desirable that any legislative project should thus deceptively create the impression of being too perfect to work, and it appears to us to be the one blemish on an otherwise masterly financial scheme that it undoubtedly does create an impression of this kind. It was perhaps inevitable that this should be the case as regards the provision for the accumulation of a tenants' insurance fund, though the arrangement in question is one which we believe to be in reality as practical as it is ingenious; but it might have been avoided, we think, in other parts of the Bill, had it not been for the almost nervous anxiety of its authors to multiply defences between the British taxpayer and loss. We will not disguise our belief that the so-called "contingent portion" of the guarantees would have been better out of the Bill. They cannot be called substantial, for it is admitted that to enforce them would cause too severe a dislocation of the local administrative services in Ireland, and Mr. BALFOUR was, in fact, at much pains to show that under no conceivable circumstances could any necessity arise for having recourse to them. Their insertion, therefore, into the measure could be of no real value; while the presence therein of securities which are nominal, and not real, has the inevitable effect of discrediting to some extent the securities upon which it is really intended to rely. With this deduction, however, we regard the Ministerial Land Purchase scheme as a very remarkable effort of constructive legislation, and one which, *postulatis postulandis*, proceeds throughout on principles of unassailable soundness. Given, that is to say, that it is expedient to "root the Irish peasant "in the soil"—which, considering that it involves the eradication therefrom of the only steadily loyal class in the country, is a pretty large argumentative concession—granted, we say, this proposition, or granted—which amounts to the same thing—the impossibility at this time of day of maintaining the contrary of it, the "rooting" operation could not, in our judgment, have been set about in a more skilful, and at the same time in a more prudent, way. It takes all due precautions against abuse of the facilities offered to Irish landlords and their tenants; it provides with sufficient carefulness for the proper adjustment of the purchase-price; and, while the securities for the payment of the money are adequate (and would have been, in our judgment, adequate without the questionable addition to them which we have noted above), they are securities of the proper kind, and furnished from the proper quarter. It is loudly complained by the Parnellites that, by insisting on these securities, we make the Irish taxpayer guarantee the English taxpayer against loss. We

do; and it is right that we should. Moreover, the very same men who are making this complaint invite us in the next breath to admire the much superior statesmanship of Mr. GLADSTONE, who proposed to perform, only on a gigantic scale, the operation of interposing the taxable Irish population between the British Exchequer and the possibility of loss. These inconsistent critics of the Ministerial measure boast that Mr. GLADSTONE would have hypothecated the entire revenues of Ireland as security for the tenant's debt. That is the fact; and, being the fact, it silences, or should silence, all Gladstonian objections to guarantee on the score of principle. As regards the application of the principle, it is obvious to remark that the exaction from a creditor of a moderate security which you can realize at any moment with perfect facility is better than exacting an enormous security which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to realize at all.

LORD BEAUCHAMP'S LITTLE BILL.

THE majority by which Lord BEAUCHAMP's Licensing Bill was rejected in the House of Lords last Monday is not so large as it might and should have been. But it was enough, it will serve; and the fact that Lord BEAUCHAMP, a man of some political influence, could only find sixteen Peers to support him in his eccentric enterprise is highly satisfactory. That Lord HERSCHELL should have favoured the measure is indeed surprising, and proves the extraordinary hold which peddling projects of fussy legislation have lately gained upon otherwise rational minds. What Lord BEAUCHAMP proposed was to prevent railway Companies from allowing liquors to be sold at their stations unless there be a separate waiting-room unconnected with the bar. No doubt the general accommodation provided for the public, especially at small cross-country junctions, is often lamentably deficient, and ought to be substantially improved. But that was not the object of Lord BEAUCHAMP and Lord HARROWBY. They are concerned not to provide travellers with decent comforts, but to protect them against the temptation to drink. It might be impertinent to inquire whether these two disinterested philanthropists trust to local opportunities or furnish themselves before embarking upon a journey with the convenient and efficient weapons known as pocket-pistols. It does, however, seem odd that amiable gentlemen who can surround themselves on all occasions with every imaginable luxury should endeavour to restrict their less fortunate fellow-creatures in the use of much humbler means. It is all for the good of the people, of course. The free and independent Englishman requires to be protected, it seems, against the attractions presented by drinking bad whisky in a draughty passage, and to be seduced from these delights by a smoky fire, a hard chair, three thumbbed tracts, and a dirty Bible. The Bill is utterly ridiculous, and was discussed with a good deal more gravity than it deserved. Lord BEAUCHAMP seems to have thought that the wisdom of his proposals was not only demonstrable, but self-evident. For he explained that he gave arguments in defence of it merely because it was to be opposed by Lord BRAMWELL. His chief, if not his sole, reason for passing the Bill turned out to be that it was not quite so bad as the Bill of last year on the same subject. That applied to old licences. This merely applied to new ones. Therefore, said Lord BEAUCHAMP, let us read it a second time. We cannot dignify with the name of an argument his contention that it was within the power of Parliament to do as he suggested. It is within the power of Parliament to confiscate Lord BEAUCHAMP's cellar, or even to cut off his head. It is impossible to deny the truth, though it is permissible to question the application, of Lord BEAUCHAMP's moral maxims. "Some persons," he says, "are of such strong principle that they can be trusted anywhere; others never neglect an opportunity of running into excess; while a third class of persons are easily overcome by a present temptation." It would be hypocritical to observe that no class of persons could well be overcome by a past or a future temptation. Lord BEAUCHAMP's ethical philosophy is unimpeachable. But as a practical guide for Peers or Commoners it can scarcely be underrated.

About one-third of mankind, according to Lord BEAUCHAMP, can be "trusted anywhere"; which means, we suppose, when translated into practice, "ought to be

"allowed to go everywhere." But what is to be done with the remaining two-thirds? Are they to be kept at home all day, or not permitted to dine out, or forbidden to mix their liquors, or prohibited from entering a house where there are not as many books in the library as bottles in the cellar? Lord BEAUCHAMP's august solicitude is confined to the "third class" already specified. The form and extent of the classification may have been suggested by the subject of the Bill, whose promoters, perhaps unconsciously, confounded the third class in Lord BEAUCHAMP's moral system with the third-class passengers on British railways. Lord BRAMWELL extracted from the Bill a specimen of legislative sagacity which has seldom been equalled, and never surpassed. This clause enacted that, if the waiting-rooms were not properly managed, the bar-keeper should be liable to penalty, *as if he had sold liquors without a licence*. "If this don't beat cock-fighting, nothing never will, as the Lord Mayor said when the Secretary of State proposed his missis's health after dinner." The bar-keeper would have had nothing to do with the waiting-room. He might even have been a trespasser if he had entered it. He might just as well have been fined for a railway accident, or a fall in the dividends. Lord KIMBERLEY's treatment of the matter deserves attention as typical of the way we legislate now. He "thought there was something to be said in favour of the principle of the Bill, though he did not think there was much to be said in favour of the way in which it proposed to carry that principle out." He accordingly voted for the second reading. He maintained that "the primary object of a railway Company was to carry passengers, not to provide them with drink." The principle of the Bill, so far as such a Bill can be said to have a principle at all, is not to carry passengers, but to coax them away from drink, which may nevertheless be sold. Lord HERSCHELL, improving on Lord KIMBERLEY, thought the Bill ought to be read a second time, by way of giving good advice to licensing justices. Lord HERSCHELL did not go so far as to say that the Bill ought to pass; and, indeed, he implied that it ought not. For, if it did, the licensing justices would have nothing to do with the matter. Considering the amazing weakness of the speeches made in favour of the Bill, and the more than conclusive reply of Lord DE RAMSEY on behalf of the Government, it seems strange that, in a small House, there should have been seventeen "Contents."

STILL HARPING ON "MY-PARTNER."

M R. GLADSTONE'S hosts of the National Liberal Club must have listened with some disappointment, not to say dismay, to the speech which he delivered at the complimentary dinner which they gave him the other night. There are among them, no doubt, a good many members who have taken an active part in the controversy over the Report of the Special Commission—Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, for one, was among the number of the assembled diners; but we have no reason to suppose that any of them suffer from Mr. GLADSTONE's notorious inability to talk of any other political subject than that which has for the moment taken possession of his mind. Not suffering from this weakness, they may perhaps have thought it rather hard that they should suffer by it—as suffer they undoubtedly did. A batch of ardently Radical metropolitan members had met together to hear their illustrious leader discuss "betterments," "social legislation," and the like; and lo! their illustrious leader could do nothing but treat them to four mortal columns of "Parnellism and Crime," the *crambe repetita* of a House of Commons' debate, which was in itself a stale rehash of the mass of sophistries with which the question has for months, and even years, past been so industriously overlaid. In this matter, however, Mr. GLADSTONE can hardly complain of his critics in the press for sharing the indifference of his audience. They would have heard him gladly on any one of those non-Irish subjects on which he is nowadays so chary of his utterances; but it is a little too much for him to expect, if he does expect, elaborate and minute criticism of a second edition of his recent harangue—itself by no means the finest effort of his dialectical genius—in the House of Commons.

At the same time, we frankly admit that there are two passages in his speech at the National Liberal Club which give distinction—of a sort—to it, and one of which, at any rate, deserves to be remembered as showing how purely

"algebraical" so to speak, Mr. GLADSTONE's conclusions are, and at how little pains he is to examine in what relation the words which he manipulates like so many "symbols" may stand to the facts. The inquiry of the Commission, he says, was an investigation, in its main point, of the law of libel as connected with the frightful calumny and forgery perpetrated against Mr. PARNELL. That was, according to the older usage, a matter referred to the judges to determine; but it was found in the last century that even judges could not be trusted on such a point, and the law of England was changed and the power of determining a libel was taken from the judges and given to a jury. A Parliament of the present day, elected by a household suffrage, gave back to judges that which an unreformed Parliament many years ago found it necessary to take away from them. Monstrous, indeed! Intolerable oppression! But of whom? Of Mr. PARNELL the plaintiff? Or of the *Times* the defendant? Hitherto it has been supposed that the reason why the question of libel or no libel was made a question for juries, and not for judges, was because the law as administered by the latter bore too hardly upon defendants in libel cases. It has been reserved for Mr. GLADSTONE to find a case of hardship upon a plaintiff in a libel case on the circumstance that the privilege of a jury has been taken away from the defendant. This remark of Mr. GLADSTONE's, in short, is, as he would himself say, "in the nature of" a bull; and in any other week than the present it would deserve notice as such. But coming, as it did, within but a few hours of Mr. HEALY's calling on the CHIEF SECRETARY to set free a certain fund which would be available for the "irrigation of waste lands and bogs in Ireland," it sinks, of course, to the level of the commonplace.

One more comment on a criticism which Mr. GLADSTONE evidently imagined to be destructive of the Report of the Commission. "I am perfectly convinced," he said, amid the "laughter"—not, we hope, misinterpreted—of his audience, "that I might be condemned myself by such a tribunal"—that is to say, we suppose, condemned for persisting in incitement to crime with knowledge of the effects of so doing. Well, we confess to thinking it by no means improbable that the author of certain speeches and of an ever-memorable telegram might come, and come very properly, under the condemnation of a judicial tribunal for doing his best to exasperate Irish ruffianism against the Irish police. It is, indeed, possible that Mr. GLADSTONE's political record might, if searched, supply a considerable number of such instances, but the one to which we have referred shall content us. The utterer of "Remember Mitchelstown" is quite right in thinking that "I might myself be condemned by such a tribunal" as has just condemned his Irish confederates against the Union. His mistake lies in so complacently assuming that that fact will be regarded as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Report of the Special Commission.

THE SALFORD GAS CASE.

M OST people remember the great Salford gas scandal, and the sensation the circumstances made some time ago. It was discovered that Mr. SAMUEL HUNTER, gas engineer to the Salford Corporation, had been systematically defrauding his employers by taking bribes from those to whom he gave contracts. Foremost in the virtuous outcry against HUNTER, as in the movement which led to his detection and punishment, was a Salford coal merchant named ELLIS LEVER. Great praise was bestowed upon Mr. LEVER for his exertions in bringing a scoundrel to justice, and in exposing the methods by which the ratepayers of Salford had been plundered. But, as Sir PETER TEAZLE says, it is a damned wicked world, and the fewer people we praise in it the better. Mr. ELLIS LEVER turns out to be not much better than Mr. SAMUEL HUNTER, and to have been partaker in his evil deeds. The story is a curious one, and is worth telling, if only to show how flimsy are the safeguards which protect, or do not protect, public money from depredation. Fifteen years ago SAMUEL HUNTER received the appointment of gas engineer at Salford, with a salary of five hundred a year and his expenses. Nothing is more dangerous than to underpay responsible officers who have control of large funds, and it may be doubted whether HUNTER's salary was sufficient. One of his duties was to obtain tenders for coal, and here at once an opportunity of increasing his income presented

itself. In 1876 Mr. ELLIS LEVER offered to supply the Corporation with coal, and his offer was accepted. The arrangement became permanent, and from first to last the amount purchased from Mr. LEVER was not far short of fifty thousand tons. There was apparently nothing on the surface of this transaction to excite suspicion or uneasiness. Mr. LEVER was in a large way of business, and no complaint was made of his coal. But all the time there was a private understanding between LEVER and HUNTER, of which the Corporation had no idea. LEVER, on his part, paid HUNTER a commission of one shilling a ton, and HUNTER, on his part, procured for LEVER a price considerably above the market value. The total sum due from LEVER to HUNTER was two thousand three hundred pounds. If LEVER had paid it all, the arrangement might still be in full swing, and the Salford rates might even yet be drained in two illegitimate directions at once. But LEVER, who seems to be neither a child of Mammon nor a child of light, refused to carry out the bargain into which he had entered, and only paid HUNTER fifteen hundred pounds. Accordingly, the worthy pair quarrelled, and HUNTER prosecuted LEVER for libel. It is a most extraordinary part of the case that HUNTER should have first instituted these proceedings, and then failed to sustain them. He practically admitted that what LEVER said was true, though it was certainly not the whole truth; and the charge was dismissed on payment of LEVER's costs.

Matters had then reached a point where further investigation became imperative. LEVER's libel on HUNTER having been found true in substance, HUNTER was prosecuted by the Corporation. He pleaded Guilty at the Central Criminal Court, and was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Being in this predicament, having nothing more to fear, and cherishing perhaps the hope of a speedier release, it is not surprising that HUNTER should have "split upon his old pal." He gave the Corporation what that body sorely needed, a few facts. The result of his disclosures was the action tried this week at the Leeds Assizes, in which "the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses" recovered from ELLIS LEVER the money paid in the shape of commission by LEVER to HUNTER. Some legal difficulties were raised, and Mr. Justice DAY consented to stay execution if the damages were paid into Court not later than Monday. But the Judge ruled in favour of the plaintiffs on every point of law, and defence on the merits there was none. Mr. LEVER himself did not put in an appearance, his counsel giving illness as the excuse. In this case there is every reason to believe that the Corporation will reap the fruits of their verdict, and that the rates will not suffer in the long run. But a singular state of things has been disclosed, and the eighth commandment in CLOWAN'S "Latest Decalogue" has received a new illustration. "Thou shalt not steal; an emptyfeat, When 'tis so lucrative to cheat." So lucrative, and, we may add, so easy. For more than ten years the contractor was paid an extra price on every ton of his coal in consequence, and in pursuance of an agreement with the engineer, who thus mulcted his employers. The market value of coal in Salford during that period cannot have been a secret locked up in the breasts of LEVER and HUNTER. Why did nobody discover that anything was wrong? If this is a fair sample of the way in which the Salford Corporation conducts its business, the ratepayers cannot exercise much discretion in the choice of their representatives. The wretched HUNTER appeared in the witness-box at Leeds to give evidence against his accomplice. On the whole, LEVER, except that he has not committed perjury, seems the worse offender of the two. He at least was not a poor man working hard for an inadequate remuneration. But the moral for the million is, that if LEVER and HUNTER had divided the spoil fairly, and held their tongues discreetly, they might have continued for the rest of their natural lives to fleece the Corporation of Salford with impunity.

THE TITHES BILL.

IT must be very consoling for Ministers to find that their measures are attacked with much more freedom and energy for what they do not than for what they do contain. The former criticism is so much more innocent than the latter. Misdoing must always be the result of human infirmity; but the man who is accused of not doing may as often as not find an accessory to the offence of neglect in

the natural limitations of the finite world. It would be an excellent thing, for instance, if a Tithes Bill, besides settling the conflict between the titheowner and the tithepayer, should also incidentally dispose of the land question, revive the fortunes of British agriculture, and do a few other things of the same kind—including, according to the taste and fancy of the individual critic, either the stabilization *in perpetuum* of the Church of England or the preparation of the ground for its demolition. Unfortunately, however, the construction of so magnificent an "omnibus Bill" as this would only be possible under the conditions of a state of existence totally different from this; and criticisms, therefore, which really resolve themselves into a protest against the constitution of human nature and the arrangements of human life need not very seriously disquiet the criticized legislators. It should give them much more concern to hear a valid or even plausible contention that, whether they have or have not left undone those things which they ought to have done, their work contains evidence of their having committed the converse transgression.

The debate, however, on the second reading of the Tithes Bill has not brought any such contention into view. When the opponents of the measure were not actually inveighing against it for its lack of this, that, or the other provision accomplishing some purpose or purposes entirely beyond its scope, they were, in substance, admitting that it is a much-needed and will prove a salutary measure. That the duty of moving its rejection should have devolved or declined upon Mr. PICTON was a bathos which, in itself, was eloquent of much; for it is not to be supposed that if any politician of the slightest weight in the House of Commons had seen an opportunity of gaining the smallest possible distinction by heading the Opposition to the Bill, he would have allowed that duty to pass into the hands of the member for Leicester. It is satisfactory on other grounds, moreover, that Mr. PICTON should have undertaken this task; for not only is he a Parliamentary bore of the first force (which, by a curious paradox, means of the smallest calibre), but he also supplies in his person a supremely typical example of that half-conscious, half-unconscious insincerity which characterizes the attitude of all his class of politicians towards a Bill of this description. We dare say they have convinced themselves that they are genuinely solicitous for the welfare of British agriculture and the prosperity of the British farmer. Equally we dare say that they have contrived to persuade themselves that they are much interested in the preservation of the tithe intact as a land-charge, applicable in the generality of cases to purposes in which the public have either actually, as supporters of the Church of England, or prospectively, as coveters of her possessions, an intimate concern. Nevertheless, they can hardly take an argumentative step forward without declaring the fact that the objects, as professedly studied by them, come into direct conflict with each other, and that their real actuating motive is an unavowed third. Mr. PICTON, we say, is a typical Radical of the dog-in-the-manger school, of that school whose sectarian animosities are too strong even for the most obvious promptings of political interest. He will not, he cannot, bring himself to support a Bill to facilitate the recovery of tithes, though he knows that if their recovery is not facilitated in some way or other, they will simply pass from the tithe-owner's pocket to that of the landlord; and the reason why he cannot bring himself to this is because, though he likes the landlord little, he likes the parson less.

THE FROZEN VACUUM BRAKE.

III.

IN our former articles we dealt partially with cases from the Board of Trade Brake Returns, in which the vacuum brake had been prevented from working by the formation of ice in its passages and apparatus, and we fully explained last week the mode in which the moisture of the atmosphere unavoidably finds its way—is sucked, in fact—into the cylinders, pipes, and valves. This would, of course, occur in a greater measure when rain or melting snow is falling, and all the more because there are numerous joints and piston-rods moving in packings, affording apertures through which the moisture may be drawn in as the vacuum is being formed continually throughout the journey. We ought to add that the case is further complicated on the London and North-Western Railway, inasmuch as on that line water-troughs are fixed between the rails, from which water is picked up in a pipe and thrown back into the tender by the force of the

speed at which the trains are travelling over them. This water is necessarily splashed about in the process, and spray is thrown over the various portions of the mechanism of the brake, and it may thus, in some measure, contribute to the moisture entering the passages, and to the difficulties during frost to which we have already referred.

We have since received, printed in good type, and have now before us—prepared, we presume, by either a hated rival or a candid friend—a “List of Failures of the Vacuum Brake caused by water and ice, extracted from the Board of Trade Returns, from January 1886 to June 1889,” no later return having, it is said, yet been issued. This list presents some curious features. We are glad to refer to them for the sake of absolute impartiality, because, though we have had occasion to discuss mainly the brakes of the London and North-Western Railway, we by no means wish to represent that Company as a much greater sinner in these respects than some of its competitors. There were reported, according to this document, 18 cases on the London and North-Western, 29 on the Great Northern, 11 on the Great Western, 40 on the Lancashire and Yorkshire, 35 on the London and South-Western, 2 on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and 1 on the South-Eastern Railways. The causes of these extraordinary differences—between 1 and 35 in the case of the above two lines South of the Thames, and 1 and 40 in the case of two lines so similarly situated as the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire and the Lancashire and Yorkshire—we must leave to the able and intelligent Chairman of the South-Eastern and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire to explain, just as the punctuality of the South-Eastern trains was so clearly proved on a recent occasion. But—still more strange—the Midland appear to make no such returns at all, though they use a similar vacuum brake, and we are credibly informed that they are not more free than their neighbours from such little contrarieties. In fact, we have already illustrated their misfortunes in one of our previous articles. And notices have, we are told, at one time been posted in their engine-sheds having reference on their Southern Division to “many cases,” and on their Northern Division to “innumerable cases,” in which the engine-men have “overrun the platforms with their trains.”

These Board of Trade Returns of brake failures appear, then, to be most untrustworthy as comparisons, as regards either the working of the brakes on the different railways or the merits of the brakes employed. Whilst some Companies conscientiously report their brake difficulties and failures, other Companies are so reticent, so forgetful of their legal obligations in this respect, as to obtain a character which they do not deserve. The Board of Trade can only return what the Companies report. But the deficiencies are more than suspicious. They are really of so glaring a character that we cannot acquit the Board of Trade for not taking notice of them. Even cases referred to in the published Reports of the Board of Trade Inspectors on accidents are, as we have been shown, omitted, in numerous instances, from the list of failures in the Board of Trade Brake Returns. If we are to believe—as we are inclined to do—that is related to us, there can be no doubt that the Board of Trade have the power of deciding in an easy and irresponsible manner—without any exercise of mechanical skill or arbitrary authority—the much vexed question of which is the best brake. They have only to require, and take care that they obtain, full information of all the failures of brakes on the lines of the different Companies for one half-year, and to publish that information with a clear summary of its results. They may then safely leave the whole matter in the hands of a discerning public, whose verdict when arrived at on credible information, complete instruction, and full conviction would constitute an avalanche of force which the most arbitrary chairman of the most powerful Company would be unable to resist. But we promised to refer more especially in the present article to the question of India, where good brakes are as much, and in some respects more, required. Any brake to be perfectly adapted to Indian conditions must not be liable to suck in water from an atmosphere saturated with moisture in the plains, nor to freeze up in the mountainous regions, and it should be adapted for use on longer trains than are run with passengers in this country.

We find from the latest published “Administration” Report on the Railways of India for 1888-89, that there were 15,245 miles of railway open for traffic, that the total sanctioned mileage on the 31st March, 1889, was 17,507 miles; and that the average cost per mile of the broad gauge lines was Rs. 1,67,333, and of the metre gauge lines Rs. 70,777. There were also in that country 2,360 engines and 5,682 coaching vehicles for the broad gauge, and 1,168 engines and 3,774 coaching vehicles for the narrow gauge lines.

However efficient these Indian railways may be in some respects, they have, apparently, as yet been lamentably backward in that important element of safety—continuous brakes. Long and heavy trains are naturally employed in the plains, and there are extended stretches of very steep gradients in the various mountainous regions. Forty or fifty carriages, or the equivalent in length, are frequently employed in the trains, as against twenty-five to thirty in excursion trains in this country; and it is impossible properly and safely to control such long trains, or to bring them quickly to a stand in cases of emergency, without good automatic brakes. Further, the Indian railways are, or ought to be, available for strategical as well as for commercial purposes. Military forces, with artillery, horses, supplies, and all the in-

numerable encumbrances of Indian impedimenta, may at any time have to be rapidly transported, train after train, to the frontier, or from one district to another; and the power of employing very long trains, fitted and capable of being worked with the best available brake, is most important to the efficiency, and may be essential to the success, of any such operations. But it was only in October 1888 that the Indian authorities seem, by all accounts, to have first awakened to this question. They then, we are told, took their first practical step towards the general use of continuous brakes on their State railways by proceeding to test near Quetta two trains which had been fitted up for the purpose—the one with the vacuum, the other with the Westinghouse brake, in order to decide which system was best adapted to comply with Indian requirements.

It was, we hear, stated from the first, as might naturally have been expected, that the most important consideration to be insisted on was that the brake should be capable of being used with the longest trains. A certain amount of efficiency may, it appears, be obtained with any brake with short trains of fifteen or twenty carriages; but when fifty carriages are placed in a train, and sudden stops at high speeds are attempted, then a brake which is not quick-acting, or, in fact, which cannot be worked, or does not apply itself almost simultaneously—say within two seconds of time—from the engine in front to the last vehicle, is certain to give rise, as has been ascertained by practical experience, to intestine commotions and collisions likely to produce destructive effects on the vehicles and dangerous results to the passengers riding in them.

This being so, it is sufficiently obvious that no test could properly be considered fair or satisfactory that was not conducted with trains of full and equal length and weight on behalf of the rival brakes; but we can hardly credit what we are told, that, whilst the competing Westinghouse brake, supplied at the expense of that Company, was fitted to a train 1,415 feet long, weighing 573 tons, and corresponding to the longest train used in daily practice in the Indian service, the vacuum brake was only, and could only be, employed with a train 760 feet long, and weighing 341 tons, the vacuum representatives having admitted that their apparatus was not suitable for use on a longer train. As far as we understand, the test was, for comparison, little better than a farce, the main element of efficiency having, in the case of the vacuum brake, been given up. But the test is stated otherwise also to have been unsatisfactory. In all careful experiments of this description—such as those on the Brighton Railway in England, those at Carlsruhe, most carefully made by the highly scientific officials, military and civil, of Germany, and others in America and elsewhere—instruments of precision have, we learn, been employed, and the unavoidable inequalities of human perception or sanguine observation have thus been successfully eliminated. Without such instruments, the actual speed of the trains, the length in space, and the periods of time in which the stops are effected, are, with other particulars, subject to error from defects of personal observation, or the eccentricities of mental exaggeration. Even so, however, the results at Quetta, as ascertained and officially reported, were considerably and altogether in favour of the Westinghouse brake. This brake, according to the particulars supplied to us, pulled up its long, heavy train in about two-thirds of the distance in which the lighter and shorter vacuum train was stopped; in all cases it was found, and reported by the judges, to be perfectly under control; and its action on inclines was reported to be satisfactory, although a theoretical point was raised as to some slight fluctuations of speed on falling gradients, which always occur in practice, and are not open to any sensible objection.

The judges in this case were traffic delegates who happened to have been summoned to a Conference for traffic purposes. They were unacquainted, and could not be expected to be acquainted, with the details of the important technical questions submitted to them. They reported, however, that “the actual conditions [of the rival trains] were very far from being similar, so that these experiments cannot in any sense be considered as a comparative trial of the efficiency of the two brakes”; they further concluded that they were “not prepared, on the strength of the experiments now made, to recommend the exclusive adoption of either of the systems tested,” and they suggested further and more complete experiments “for a period not less than a year.” Yet the Indian authorities, for reasons which it must be left to them to explain, decided after these experiments to adopt the vacuum automatic brake generally on the State lines in India.

We hope to be in a position to comment next week on the proceedings and results of the Coroner’s investigation into the Carlisle collision, before further applying the “historical method” to the general question of railway brakes.

ASCANIO AT THE GRAND OPÉRA.

PAUL MEURICE was one of the numerous “ghosts” who frequented Dumas’s studio, and the novel *Ascanio* was by his hand. It is true that Dumas did more than merely give his name to the book; he invested it with “artistic merit,” and added the character of Scozzone, Benvenuto Cellini’s model, the most thoroughly flesh-and-blood creation in the work. But Meurice’s claim to be substantially the creator of *Ascanio* was fully recognized when he dramatized it into *Benvenuto Cellini*,

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and was allowed to put his name on it as sole author. That was in 1852, and now we have the same thing in a third form, as lyric drama, under the original title. M. Louis Gallet has written the libretto and M. Saint-Saëns the music. The opera originally consisted of five acts and seven tableaux, but at the general rehearsal it was found to drag, and to be altogether too long, lasting from eight o'clock till one. Accordingly, some merciless cuts were made to the great advantage of the general effect; the second tableau of the second act was merged into the third act, and thus the work was practically cut down from five acts to four. The plot is briefly as follows.

The scene is in Paris during the reign of François I. The Duchesse d'Etampes, mistress of the King, has fixed her fancy on Ascanio, Benvenuto Cellini's favourite apprentice, whom he loves as a son. She comes to the studio and flirts with Ascanio while the King orders Cellini to cast for him a colossal statue of Jupiter in gold, presenting him in return with the Château Grand Nesle. The Duchesse makes an appointment with Ascanio; but Cellini, hearing of it and fearing for the young man's safety in this perilous intrigue, interrupts the lady and defies her. She revenges herself by obtaining from the King Cellini's banishment from Court. Meantime Ascanio really loves a young girl, Colombe d'Estourville, daughter of the Prévôt de Paris. Cellini is not aware of this attachment, but, happening to see Colombe coming out of church, he recognizes in her his artistic ideal. She lives in the Petit Nesle, next door, and as she walks in the garden he utilizes her as a model for his statue of Hebe, at the same time falling in love with her, and discarding his old model Scozzone. This, then, is the central situation. The Duchesse loves Ascanio; Scozzone loves Cellini; the two men, who are united in the bonds of a most affectionate friendship, both love Colombe unknown to each other, while she returns the love of Ascanio. This complicated situation is resolved in the following way. The Duchesse contrives the betrothal of Colombe to a Court noble; Ascanio and Cellini thereupon arrange to carry her off and convey her in a *châsse*, which he has just prepared for the Ursuline Convent, to the safe-keeping of her godmother, the Lady Superior. Learning this, the Duchesse and Scozzone contrive a counterplot—namely, the detention of the *châsse* on its way for three days at the Louvre, and the consequent death of Colombe immured in it. Ascanio carries off Colombe from the Petit Nesle, and brings her into the studio, where Cellini is an unobserved spectator of their mutual love. Moved by the discovery and by his affection for both, he gives up Colombe to Ascanio. Scozzone, in her turn, inspired by his noble example, resolves to take Colombe's place in the *châsse*, and to die in her stead. This she does when the King's officers arrive to search for the missing Colombe. The *châsse* is borne off under their noses, with Colombe walking beside it in Scozzone's dress. Finally, Cellini delights the King by casting the Jupiter, and asks in return his favour for the young lovers. The drama closes with the confusion of the Duchesse at the appearance of Colombe alive and the discovery in her own apartments of the *châsse* containing the dead body of Scozzone, the horror of the spectators at the sight, and the remorse of Cellini.

M. Saint-Saëns has placed this rather conventional play in a most unconventional setting. *Ascanio* may be called a French answer to the challenge which has gone forth to the world of lyric drama from the shrine at Bayreuth. We have seen the answer which Italy has given in Verdi's *Otello*—an answer admitting the urgency and influence of the call, but yielding a very qualified submission. Along with an elevation both of aim and method which may be fairly attributed to Wagner's example and influence, Verdi yet completely retains his own individuality; and Saint-Saëns has done the same, though coming nearer to the Wagnerian model. The new French style stands between the new German and the new Italian, resembling both in certain features, yet maintaining a character of its own. In *Ascanio* the composer has taken the characters, analysed them and their relations to each other, and given distinct musical expression to each. The music tells the story symbolically, and develops the action step by step with the words. Thus, for instance, Benvenuto himself, the bustle of his workshop, his genial, impetuous character, his affection for Ascanio, his artistic aspiration—each has its own appropriate *motif*, which reappears woven into the texture of the score, according as the action of the piece and the play of passion demands it. So, also, the other characters, and the respective parts played by them in evolving the drama. Thus far with Wagner; but the themes themselves are of an entirely French clearness and neatness, and their development quite un-Wagnerian in simplicity and straightforwardness. It must not be supposed, however, that the score lacks fulness or colour. That is not so. On the contrary, without presenting very novel or striking effects, it shows great skill and much distinction of manner. Then, on the other hand, the French composer, though never interrupting the action by the insertion of a conventional *morceau*, rather follows Verdi in not rigidly avoiding the judicious use of concerted pieces, thereby gaining a musical advantage without sustaining a dramatic loss. The chorus is employed in a similar manner—that is to say, it is brought in naturally. There are but three "solos" in the opera, and each is quite in place and in character. Scozzone sings a song to the men in the workshop; the King breathes a chivalrous madrigal over the hand of Mme. d'Etampes; and Colombe warbles an unaccompanied melody in the garden while Cellini models his Hebe. Each of these compositions falls naturally

and properly into place, and each is carefully and cleverly archaic in form. The classical ballet, too, is admirably in keeping with the period. In short, the more the opera is studied the more clearly one sees the conscious aim of the composer to present a consistent musical drama, and his capacity to carry out that aim in a thoroughly independent manner. M. Gillet, the librettist, has seconded him well.

The merit of the work is sufficiently testified by the applause with which it was received; for the Parisians, who have not yet had an opportunity of seeing *Otello*, or any of Wagner's operas, on the stage, are not accustomed to the new school. Yet at the première no less than seven passages were redemanded, to the great astonishment of the critics, who for the most part do not seem to understand at all this *genre* of opera. A very considerable share in procuring this success must be allowed to the performers. Cellini's part has been written to suit Lassalle's voice to a marvel, and he is perfectly colossal in it. Those who have only heard him at Covent Garden can form but a faint idea of his greatness upon his own ground. As the King, M. Plançon does very well indeed. M. Cossira, the Ascanio, hardly makes the most of his opportunities. The ladies are not quite so well suited as the gentlemen. Mme. d'Etampes is a most disagreeable character, and, true to it, she has disagreeable music to sing; this is not the fault of Mme. Adiny, who bears herself to the life in the part. Mme. Bosman presents Scozzone most artistically; but jealous women are nearly as tiresome on the stage as in real life, and the music was originally meant for another voice. Miss Eames's small and pretty voice is better suited with the pretty and insignificant part of Colombe. A word of praise should be given to M. Taffanel for his incomparable flute solo in the ballet. The dresses and scenery are worthy of the *Grand Opéra*. In fine, MM. the directors, Ritt and Gailhard, are to be congratulated on having presented to Paris and the whole musical world a most interesting work in a manner adequate to its merits.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

VIII.

ON the night of September 3, Mme. Roland, whose husband was Minister of the Interior, had a dinner party. Among her guests was Anacharsis Clootz. The event of the day—that is, the massacres—formed the subject of conversation, says Mme. Roland in her *Memoirs*. "Clootz pretended to prove that they were indispensable and most useful measures. He debated a lot of commonplace sentences about the rights of the people and the justice of their vengeance. In fact, he talked a very long time and in a loud voice, ate enormously, and bored the company not a little. Among our guests," continues Mme. Roland, "was also one of the members of the Comité of the section of the Quatre-Nations, Delaconté, who had been busy all day signing tickets for wine and victuals exacted by the *travailleurs* at the prisons. He was anxious to obtain the money to pay the wine-merchants from Roland, who quietly answered that he had not funds for such an object." Therefore, the most respectable of these men, and his undoubtedly high-minded wife, were not only inactive during these days of blood and sorrow, but calmly entertaining their friends at dinner. Comment on their conduct is unnecessary. And the exactitude of Mme. Roland's entry in her Diary is confirmed by the declaration of Jourdan, former President of the Civil Committee of the Quatre-Nations. He says that on the 3rd of September seven or eight *travailleurs* came to him to ask for their wages. "What wages?" said I, in a tone of indignation. "We have passed our day," said they, "in killing the vermin. You are just, M. le Président, you will give us what was promised to us." I took one of my colleagues aside and said to him that he had better give the man an *écu*, but the fellow cried out that it was not sufficient. Then the Citoyen Desforges came in and made us a long discourse, in which he tried to prove the necessity of the massacres. He declared that the men had worked hard all that day, and that he had promised to give them each a louis. I asked with some vivacity where were we to get the money from, and he replied that we ought to address ourselves to the Minister of the Interior, Roland. Citoyen Delaconté then got up and observed that he was going to dine with M. Roland and would ask him for the funds—that is to say, for at least 2,000 livres. The next day this man told me that Roland had said at dinner that he had no money for the purpose, and that he must address himself to the Municipality." So the so-called *travailleurs* went to the Municipality, and were furious when they were refused payment, and there "might have been an ugly scene had it not been for the presence of mind of one of Jourdan's colleagues, who gave what money he had about him, and told the leader of the men to follow him and he would obtain the remainder. The President of the section told Jourdan that these people—the *travailleurs*—were very honest, for one individual had come to him the day before, his clothes and sabots dripping with human blood, having in his hat not less than 25 louis in gold, which he declared he had taken from the pockets of persons he had killed. The Comité was so touched by this act of probity that they gave the man 10 *écus* with which to buy a new coat and shoes."

Not many years ago some documents were discovered at the Hôtel de Ville confirming the statement that a bundle of bonds of 24 livres, bearing the date of September 3, had been distributed among

the *travaillers* in payment for their "work." Here is a document worth preserving in connexion with this:—

Assemblée permanente de la section des Sans-Culottes.—At the request of the Sieurs Gilbert Petit, Nicholas Guy, Michel Lepage, and Pierre-Henri Corsin, who were employed in the *expédition* against the priests in the prison of Saint-Firmin and others during the two days (September 2 and 3), the sum of 48 livres has been divided amongst them in payment for their work.

(Signed) DARDÉL, President.

PIERRE BÉRONDE, Vice-Secretary.

But it would be impossible in a limited space to give more than a vague idea of the enormous number of documents which establish beyond doubt that the massacres were the result of a well-arranged plan. The Municipality was deeply incriminated, as the following document shows. It is addressed to the concierges of the various prisons:—

Sirs [note, the word *citizen* is not yet in general use],—You will at once cause the bodies of the persons who no longer exist in your prisons [*"les personnes qui n'existent plus"* (*sic!*)] by daybreak to-morrow morning to be carried away and buried in very deep trenches. Cause the stains of blood to be removed with water and vinegar, and then sifted over with sand. You will be paid for your trouble by the State. Above all, celerity in the execution of this order, and that no traces of blood be permitted to remain.

P.S.—Employ for this purpose the gravediggers of the Hôtel Dieu, so as to prevent infection.

This is signed by the chiefs of the police, Panis and Sergent.

Meanwhile, from the Place Vendôme (Home Office) a circular was being framed and sent out with all possible expedition, addressed to the mayors of provincial towns, and even villages, announcing that the Commune of Paris hastens to inform its "brothers" in the departments that "a part of the captives in the prisons have been put to death by the people, an act of justice which appeared to be indispensable, in order to inspire terror in the hearts of legions of traitors." On this precious document the name of Marat figures, with the words "*L'Ami du Peuple*" affixed to it. On the 4th September the representatives of the Sections into which the city of Paris was then divided appeared before the Parliament, and now began an astounding comedy. Paris by this time had awakened to a sense of its duty. People were alarmingly indignant; and we therefore find repeated the very words used by Queen Elizabeth to excuse the execution of Mary Stuart. Pétion thinks fit to express horror at the events in question, and calls them "deplorable accidents," whilst Santerre asserts that "his heart is lacerated." When all is over, and nearly two thousand Parisians have perished, Roland delivers himself a magnificent oration against "the unqualifiable events of the past few days." Everything is now done to diminish the effect of the crime. The *Moniteur* barely alludes to it, dismissing the matter by a few brief remarks concerning "certain deplorable matters which it is best to forget." In the meantime the public purse is taxed to the extent of 1,463 livres, paid to 350 *travaillers*. So very well organized had been the whole of this business, that from the beginning an order had been given to the patrollers of the various sections—even those in which the prisons were situated—to make no allusion whatever to the massacres in their reports. Here is the report of the night patrols on September 3:—

First battalion.—Nothing particular.

Second battalion.—Nothing particular.

Third battalion.—Nothing particular.

Fourth battalion.—Has not sent in any report.

Fifth battalion.—Two notaires' clerks were arrested last night near the Temple for having cried "Long live the King! Long live the Queen!" Nothing else.

Sixth battalion did not send in any report.

A crowd of armed people during the night attacked some of the prisons and put to death the scoundrels of the 10th August. Nothing else. Patrols have been made precisely as on ordinary occasions by the battalions above quoted.

(Certified)

CLÉMENT, Secretary.
3rd September.

It is impossible to conceive a more cynical document, when we remember the frightful crimes which were taking place simultaneously in seven different parts of Paris, and that at least two of these battalions were engaged protecting the Temple, the King, and the Royal Family. With regard to the number of prisoners killed accounts are conflicting. The total may be estimated as balancing between 1,485, as reported by Granier de Cassagnac, and 1,368 as by Ternaux; but then there were nearly 400 others who were put to death in the neighbourhood of Paris and some 3,000 in various parts of France. As regards the actual number of the prisoners killed in Paris, we may take a middle course, and be pretty near the mark if we make it *circa* 1,300 persons, divided, approximately, amongst the various prisons as follows:—Abbaye, 216; Force, 164; Châtelet, 216; Conciergerie, 378; Bernadino, 73; Carmes and St. Firmin, 240; Bièvre, 170; Salpêtrière, 43. It is rather curious that, with the sole exceptions of two women taken from the extremes of society—the Princess de Lamballe at La Force and the flower-girl at the Conciergerie—the women were everywhere spared, save at the Salpêtrière, where some thirty-five to forty-five female prisoners, who had about as much to do with the 10th of August as babes unborn, being mostly old women and young girls of the working classes, were murdered. The unfortunate flower-girl of the Palais Royal, it seems, owed her imprisonment to a guardsman whose advances she had scornfully rejected. Théroigne de Méricourt evidently had a grudge against her, for she inspired the *travaillers* to put her to the most awful of deaths, in which

red-hot irons played a conspicuous part. Duval, who witnessed the appalling scene, says, "Théroigne seemed mad with fury, shouting, and applauding each fresh horror perpetrated on the screaming woman, whose cries could be heard on the Pont St. Michel."

On the 7th September the clothes and trinkets of the massacred were sold by public auction, and even in the announcement that this sale is about to take place we find evidence of the hypocrisy with which everything connected with this monstrous business was transacted. "We have seized," says the official announcement, "the goods and effects of the persons condemned for treason against the liberty of the French people by the tribunal of the said people, assembled solemnly 2nd September, 1792, fourth year of liberty, fourth of equality." Then follows a list of the articles, and the paper concludes with the statement that a sum of 165 livres found upon the various bodies at the Abbaye has been delivered over to Mayard "for certain purposes." The certain purposes were doubtless the distribution of the coin among the sinister workmen. The sale of this property realized 375 livres. Mr. Carlyle declares that the *travaillers* did not rob the dead. It is perhaps a fact that they did not do so either at La Force or the Abbaye; but, as there is no trace of there having been any auction of the effects of victims at the other prisons, we may reasonably conclude that the *travaillers* kept for themselves whatever they found there. There is official proof extant that they did so. The sale of the effects from La Force amounted to 3,647 livres, and took place on the 5th and 6th October. A quantity of clothing of a woman and various objects of female adornment were sold on this occasion, and most possibly belonged to Mme. de Lamballe. At any rate, we find Claude-Louis Toscan, her agent, among the principal purchasers. He had been ordered to secure every possible relic of her for her broken-hearted father-in-law, the Duc de Penthièvre. The head of the luckless Princess was taken to Mme. Tussaud, who made a cast of it before its pretty features were hardened in death. She mentions in her curious Memoirs the beauty of the hair. Some scraps of the body were secured by the Duke and honourably buried.

THE BOAT-RACE.

BY general consent the race of Wednesday was a return to the ancient glories. It collected as great a mob as in those old days when a penny press, conscious of a mission, used to inform the young gentlemen that they were public property, and must jump for the public fun. The river was crowded, and so were the banks. Steam-launches and steamboats went off crowded with sightseers, who for the most part had a fine view of one another's backs. They were tightly packed, and intent on amusing themselves. Amaryllis was to be seen holding the whisky-and-water, while Damon helped Strephon to get in without pitching headlong. Then they went off to the strains of the accordion. On shore, from Putney to Mortlake, there was one long crush of dark suits of clothes and pale faces. There was a good deal of the noise which right-minded persons are understood to find inspiring. There was the usual fringe—the deep and dingy fringe—of blackguardism. In short, there was everything there ought to have been to show that we are a people with a noble love of athletics. What at least is beyond all question is that the race afforded a pretty illustration of the general easiness of life in London. Whether they came there from love of sport, combined with betting, or for other motives, it is certain that many scores of thousands of Londoners got an afternoon off in which to enjoy themselves. Hard-worked and ill-paid as we are said to be, it would appear that leisure and money to spend in it are easily obtained. The race, too, would seem to prove that a very small excuse will induce the Londoner to take his afternoon off. Not one in many thousands of the crowd on the banks could have seen more than a moment of the race—and yet for that they stood about for a whole afternoon. A people who can do that ought to be easily amused. A fine day, a convenient hour, and the chance of seeing two eights, one steam-launch, and four steamers rush past at the rate of about twelve knots, is enough.

The race which they came to see was a thoroughly good race. It had all the features which a lively struggle ought to have. The crews were fairly matched, the fight was very even, it was just sufficiently influenced by accident, and the end was to some extent a surprise. Oxford won fairly, and because it deserved to win. At one moment it appeared as if luck was in its favour. When the boats were opposite Chiswick meadows a tug with barges in tow was seen in front, a little over to the southern bank, and, therefore, right ahead of Cambridge. The Cambridge coxswain altered his course to the northern side very slightly in the expectation that the obstruction would block the way. It was an unpleasant *remora* for the Light Blues, as it happened just where the state of the water and the trend of the bank were in favour of Oxford. But the tug and the barges got out of the way in ample time, and the disturbance they caused was not enough to hurt Cambridge at all seriously. Moreover, when it occurred Oxford was already winning—rather to the surprise of most of those who followed the race, and very much to the surprise, we should imagine, of those who judged by the look of the crews at starting. The state of the betting (that

convincing proof of the purity of our love of athletics) shows what the pundits had thought of the crews. The Cambridge crew were the bigger and finer-looking men, and that, combined with the fact that Oxford did indifferently one day last week when it was off form, had misled the gentlemen who desire to turn an honest penny on sport. Their disappointment is, perhaps, as satisfactory a feature of the race as another. Experience has shown, not for the first time, that size is not everything, and that a crew which is off form one day may be in good fettle three days later. These, to be sure, are elementary facts, but the pundits have a way of ignoring them. The race certainly gives ample reason for believing that Oxford had the best crew though not the most imposing to look at. In fact, Cambridge was getting the worst of it while it still had the best of the water and the position. The Light Blues won the pitch and chose the southern position—very rightly, since they are at their best in the smooth water which this position gives with a south-westerly wind. Knowing that the end of the course would be in rough water, with a bend in favour of Oxford, they naturally attempted to get all the lead they could before coming to the trying reaches ahead. We say they did it naturally, because experience has shown that the temptation to do it is irresistible to some minds. To say that they did it wisely would be to make a very doubtful assertion; for experience has also shown that the fatigue produced by this early effort is apt to more than counterbalance the lead gained. That lead must at least be very considerable if it is not to be lost. In this case the lead obtained did not leave sufficient margin for loss. Aided by a perceptible though slight wildness among the Oxford men at starting, and by the advantage of position, Cambridge did contrive to gain slight lead at Hammersmith Bridge; but, with the bulk of the course, and the worst of it, still ahead, it should have increased its advantage if it was to win. It did not do so. As soon as the steadiness of Mr. Fletcher had steadied the men behind him, Oxford first held its position, and then began to gain ground. By the time Chiswick Eyot was reached, and while water and bank were still in their favour, the Cambridge men had already lost their lead. When the rough water was reached, there soon ceased to be any doubt what the end would be. Cambridge showed at once that it had not got rid of the traditional weakness of its rowing. Its feather was too low, and it knocked the foam about till it flew up in little columns. Much of its strength was going in mere beating of the water. When the threatened obstruction was seen by Chiswick meadows, Oxford already had the lead. Thanks to that tug, Cambridge lost a little more than it need have done. But, if no tug had been there, the result would hardly have been different. From Barnes Bridge to Mortlake, Oxford, now in the best position, increased its lead slowly, and with one check when Cambridge spurted, but, on the whole, steadily. The race was rowed out admirably and won by just as much as showed that the winners were only the better of two very well matched crews. Whether if Cambridge had not sought by a great effort to secure the delusive advantage of an early lead the result might not have been different may be a useful matter for discussion among Cambridge men. On the whole, we incline to doubt. The Oxford crew showed so much steadiness, and were so distinctly superior in rough water that, if Cambridge had not had some lead to lose, it might possibly have been beaten by two lengths instead of by barely one. It may be, therefore, that it was wise to do as it did—but that would, after all, only prove Oxford to have been the better crew.

MODERN MISE-EN-SCÈNE.

A COMPLAINT is frequently made, not without reason, against modern stage decoration in that it is expensive and cumbrous; that, in other words, it costs too much money and takes up too much space in storage. The increased expense manifests itself, not so much in the scenery (certainly not in the department of the scene-painter himself, who now finds himself encroached upon by various strange handcraftsmen) as in the fabrics and stuffs employed by costumiers and upholsterers, and in the frequent use of genuine bric-à-brac and furniture in the place of the equally effective products of the "property-maker." As regards the scene-painter, so far from undervaluing him or desiring to lessen his importance, we consider that nowadays he is in some respects placed at an undue disadvantage. In an ideal stage performance we should assign to the scene-painter the third place, next to the dramatist and the actor; but, to give him fair scope, his brush-work should not be, as is now too often the case, merely an outward embellishment of massive carpentry, or, still worse, entirely supplanted by the efforts of the modern house-decorator.

No one would wish to see the scenic appliances of the stage return to the comparatively primitive simplicity of the not very remote past, especially as the improved lighting of our theatres would now render such shortcomings doubly apparent; but we cannot, for all that, regard all the recent innovations of mise-en-scène in the light of improvements. The toy theatres of our childhood, sacred to memories of *The Miller and his Men* and *The Green Bushes*, play so hopelessly ill adapted to toys and children, represent fairly enough the scenic methods of the old régime. A back-scene extended by wooden rollers at top and bottom, or, if necessary, stretched on a wooden

framework to admit of the introduction of doors and windows capable of use, ran across the stage; while "wings," painted *en profile* to match the "back-cloth," projected in pairs at stated intervals towards the footlights; while above the illusion was completed by strips of canvas representing, for "interiors" impossible draperies, or for "exteriors" still more impossible Norman arches of sky-blue. The "wings," or side-scenes, were supported, exactly as in the toy theatres, by grooves, into which their top edges fitted. These grooves, however, were found to involve the accumulation of a great quantity of scenery on either side of the stage, and have now been entirely abolished, save in a very few old-fashioned country theatres. The modern fashion is to build the scene together piece by piece, each section being attached to its neighbour by "cleat and line," as it is called (the line on the one piece passes over a small hook or projection—the cleat—on the other, is then made fast below, and holds the whole in its place), while additional stability is obtained, if required, by attaching the back of the scene to the stage with iron "braces." Scenes so constructed possess almost unlimited capabilities of varied and picturesque effect; but the time occupied in setting them far exceeds that required by the older and simpler methods, and hence has arisen, in some theatres at any rate, that newfangled addition to the "Unities of the drama," the principle of "one act one scene." The old method, whereby stage carpenters dragged together *coram populo* the halves of a landscape or a drawing-room, was not without its artistic drawbacks, but at least avoided doing that violence to the text of some of our finest plays with which recent revivals have familiarized us. When we read in a playbill that certain alterations have been made "to avoid changing the scene in sight of the audience," we know that either the play will be divided into some dozen acts by a detestable instrument of torture known as "tableau-curtains," or that the sequence and *locale* of certain scenes will be ruthlessly altered in the interests of the scenario, and to the manifest disadvantage of the author's intentions. Writers of plays, especially such of them as understand their business, do not, as a rule, assign an order to their scenes and incidents absolutely at haphazard, as some of our modern geniuses, by the freedom with which they "arrange and adapt" the masterpieces of our dramatic literature, appear to imagine. The importance of modern mise-en-scène appears reflected in the very bulk to which it swells; the old-fashioned scenery was painted on flat-canvased frames, which would in storage stand closely side by side like a gigantic pack of cards; but it is now no longer the fashion to trust for perspective entirely to the painter's brush. Architectural details are solidly reproduced in heavily-timbered carpenter's work, or in papier-mâché mouldings; raised grassy banks, rocks that might deceive a geologist, and streams of "real water" adorn a woodland scene; while modern "interiors," with walls and ceilings, doors and windows of massive aspect, appear far more capable of withstanding the elements than the "jerry-built" residence of many a suburban playgoer. [A word in passing with regard to the "solid ceiling," a scenic appliance of comparatively recent introduction; which lends on the whole but doubtful aid to artistic illusion, for the completeness and vraisemblance which it gives to a scene only strikes the eye of those sitting in the lower parts of the theatre, while it robs the stage of a diffused top-light, the only illumination possible from above being one row of burners in front of the ceiling.]

Thus space which would formerly have held the scenery for an entire season with its constant changes of programme now scarcely suffices to house the mounting of a single play, and an additional and very substantial bulwark appears to be erected to protect the present system of long runs and scanty répertoires. Moreover, there is a grave artistic objection to the modern custom of dovetailing the brushwork of the artist with other material, be it artificial foliage or papier-mâché architecture. All stage work is in its essence makebelieve; but the less it betrays that fact to the spectator the better, and therefore the collocation of two makebeliefs, which only serves to emphasize the artificial nature of each, is emphatically to be deprecated. A scene, then, wherein a pillar painted with the brush is surmounted by a capital modelled in high relief, or wherein shrubs from the artificial florist's grow side by side with trees from the scene-painter's, only drives home to us with irresistible insistence the fact that the whole thing is a sham, to conceal which is the object of all artistic endeavour. Nor can we regard it as any gain of effect when, as is sometimes the case nowadays, the scene-painter is entirely banished and the house-decorator reigns in his stead; the conditions of artificial lighting, of distance, of consulting the different points of view from which the work done must bear criticism, are far more likely to receive satisfactory consideration from the scene-painter than from the most intelligent tradesman who ever took down his shutters in the Tottenham Court Road.

But, after all, the most serious charge we have to make against modern mise-en-scène is that it is so costly, and we make this charge out of no tender solicitude for the exchequers of our managers, who are quite able, if they are fit to be managers at all, to take care of themselves. On the contrary, we make it because we see that the artistic advance of the drama is constantly obstructed by this costly expenditure on its trappings. It is this expenditure that makes our managers so chary in the production of novelties; the man who ventures a younger son's portion with each change of his programme is not

unnaturally inclined to "hedge" (so far as lies in his power) by minimizing the other risks attendant on his enterprise; and, as the production of a play which has already proved successful either on our own or on some foreign stage is less of a "leap in the dark" than the exploitation of new and original work, so we find in certain managerial counsels a tendency to play for safety, and to rely mainly on revivals and translations. Were 100*l.* considered sufficient to purchase the decorations which now perhaps cost 1,000*l.*, there would be more work for our play-writers and our players, and more enjoyment for our playgoers. Under the existing state of things some of our most eminent and popular performers scarcely add, on an average, one part a year to their répertoires. How solid would be the gain of their admirers if we could return, even in some small degree, to the more frequently varied programmes of the past!—a consummation devoutly to be wished for, but, so long as the existing state of affairs continues, little to be expected.

VOLUNTEER EQUIPMENT.

IN bringing on a discussion of this important subject in the House of Lords on Monday Lord Percy did a public service. For not only had the result of the division on the same subject in "the other place" left ordinary Englishmen in a state of doubt and uncertainty as to what course the Government meant to pursue, but the official statements made during the course of that debate had been of such an astounding nature as to leave a sense of insecure bewilderment in the minds of those who knew the subject. It cannot be said that Lord Brownlow, in what we believe to be his first important utterance since he accepted his present office, enlightened the public to any great extent; but he gave a general impression that the whole matter was to be "re-considered" in a more fair spirit, and he at least definitely stated "that the War Office would be delighted to give Volunteer officers any advice on the subject of the best means of obtaining the equipment." One would scarcely gather from this statement that it was only under the most vigorous pressure that the said War Office had consented to remit a charge of 3*l.* 3*s.* claimed from each corps for their own viewer giving his time in approving the equipment purchased with funds collected by the Lord Mayor. Does the War Office intend to make any further charge for advice? Whatever answer may be ultimately given to this question, Volunteers may sleep peacefully under the assurance that, whether the Government does or does not provide for them necessary equipment, at least it will give them expert opinion (perhaps for a consideration). Unfortunately, expert opinion holds water even less than the "partly-worn" greatcoat which, as Lord Brownlow stated, that expert opinion advises excludes it.

There was a breezy freshness in Lord Percy's speech eminently calculated to penetrate weak places in the threadbare official covering of excuses. Nor was any satisfactory answer forthcoming. He first of all mentioned the question of debts due by Volunteer corps for equipment now admitted to be necessary, and purchased in former times (before the increase of the grant). He did not drive in this point hard, and we regret this, as it is one of great importance, and has escaped comparatively unnoticed in the hurly-burly of controversy. We have mentioned it before, but it is necessary to do so again, lest the facts should be forgotten.

In January 1887 a War Office Committee on the Volunteer capitation grant (the present last of the series) reported. Of that Committee Lord Harris, whose office is now held by Lord Brownlow, was president. One of its members was Mr. Brodrick, M.P., the Financial Secretary. In reporting on the subject of Volunteer expenditure, this Committee "experienced considerable difficulty." They, therefore, "found it necessary to build up, as shown in the Appendix (Appendix A), a normal rate of expenditure to which a corps might, under ordinary circumstances, be expected to conform." They built up Appendix A, and found, and reported, that there was in 1887 (and, of course, had been for many years) a deficiency of 4*s.* 7*½d.* per man per annum. And this deficiency was admitted irrespective of *all* the articles of equipments—greatcoats, haversacks, water-bottles, valises, mess-tins, &c.—round which the last controversy is gathering. In other words, the average corps was reported to have been found in debt to this amount. Thus, taking a typical case—the case taken by that Committee—of a battalion of 8 companies of 80 men each—the annual arrears were (as they state) 148*l.* The conclusion therefore arrived at by this Committee (of which, as we said before, Mr. Brodrick was a member) is that, if a typical corps had clothed its men and provided other accessories for three years prior to 1889 (apart from the new equipment question) it would have been in debt to the amount of 444*l.* These figures are not ours, they are furnished by the War Office.

It is true that, as a result of the Report of this Committee, there was an increased grant of 5*s.* a year—with, of course, increased conditions of efficiency. But, putting this increased efficiency question aside, what becomes of the boast made by the authorities in both Houses of Parliament that during the present administration the Volunteer grant had been increased by "the very large sum of 150,000*l.*"? It is mere throwing of dust in the eyes of the public. That the Estimates have been so increased is true, and the objects on which this increased expenditure ha-

been made have been necessary. And that all praise is due to those who had the courage to make this slight increase we at once concede. But, with the exception of a sum of rather less than 7,000*l.* for greatcoats, not a penny of it has been spent on the equipment of rifle corps, and no recognition on the part of the War Office has been made of the fact that in 1888 the corps described as typical by them started with a debt of at least 444*l.* each. When, therefore, the simple and isolated question of equipment was brought forward, it was purely misleading to mention this increase of 150,000*l.*

The points, however, on which Lord Percy chiefly dwelt were the Volunteer charity collections, and the extraordinary circular (now withdrawn, apparently) as to the withholding of the capitation grant from, and the consequent disbandment of, corps which could not raise these charitable funds. As his efforts, following on those of Sir Edward Hamley, have knocked these astounding propositions into—or, perhaps, rather out of—cocked hat, we need add nothing to our former utterances on this branch of the subject, except to say that the points were very well put. On the speeches and views of subsequent speakers, however, some comment is required. From Lord Ripon we expected little, and we got less. But it is really funny to find him driven to support the Government in such a sentence as this:—"There had never been such an understanding between the Government and the Volunteers as that to which the noble lord (Lord Percy) referred." He started his speech by saying that he had some personal experience in the matter. Did he ever by chance read the "reference" to the Volunteer Capitation Committee above-mentioned? It runs thus:—"I. To inquire what are the necessary requirements of the Volunteer Forces to be covered by the Capitation Grant." Therefore there was an understanding that necessary requirements were to be paid for by the nation, which was the understanding referred to by Lord Percy.

But what we chiefly complain of is the line of argument taken by Lord Brownlow. "We are perfectly aware that he has no responsibility as far as the present condition of these affairs is concerned; and we are also aware that he is bound to defend the continuity of policy enforced on him for the present. Thus, while criticizing his remarks, we do so with the full knowledge that he had no choice but to speak as he did. But, at the same time, it is necessary to dwell upon the facts that these remarks savour of Treasury tyranny, and that they are absolutely out of harmony with the spirit in which the Volunteer Force is now publicly regarded. What we have to say, therefore, is not in any way directed against him, but against the system (admittedly in need of root-and-branch reform) with which he at present has to fit in. His defence is astounding—nearly as astounding as that of Mr. Brodrick last week. The accusations against the Administration are twofold and definite. First, it has made no provision for the payment of the debts which it admits were properly incurred; secondly, it has laid down the principle that charitable funds should be raised for articles of necessary equipment. In answer to these accusations we are told several things which are no answers, none that are. And even these statements that are no answers require qualification. The Volunteers, it is said, have been divided into brigades under the most competent and zealous Brigadiers to be found. This organization may when developed be of value. At present it is so much waste paper. And the fact that it exists does not meet either accusation. "Volunteers have been encouraged to join Volunteer camps." This is true to some extent; but there has been nearly an absolute veto on the old and most useful "provisional battalion" camps at Aldershot, which veto has been concurrent with the so-called encouragement. There is no recognition of the fact that a large proportion of those who have haversacks and water-bottles purchased them with their own money. But it is not only here that money has been spent. There is no corps in Great Britain in which money has not been at one time poured out like water. It may be that the rank and file are artisans, unable to subscribe a penny; it may be that they can add their subscription to the funds of the battalion. In any case, a careful study of the statistics of the various corps will show that, even under the old system, before these new demands were made, some evil invariably resulted from want of money. We may take Lord Brownlow's own corps as an example, the figures having been officially placed before the Committee of 1887. It was short by 252 men of its established strength. It had no camp expenses, the corps never going into camp. And yet it had an annual deficit of 242*l.* Also in the table of recommendations for meeting expenditure there is a request for an additional grant of 10*s.* per man. Further comment seems needless.

MARRIAGES AND THE GROWTH OF THE POPULATION.

THE older professors of the "dismal science" are having an uncomfortable time just now. At a recent meeting in the City the Duke of Argyle was engaged in demolishing their methods, and now we have Dr. William Ogle at the Statistical Society upsetting some of their most cherished "facts." None of their doctrines have been so confidently put forward or so well impressed on the public mind as that which asserts that the marriage-rate varies with the price of bread—that when bread is

cheap marriages are most numerous, and when it is dear there is a falling off in their numbers. Dr. Ogle shows, however, by statistics extending over about seventy years, that the very reverse of this has occurred, and that, with a very few exceptions, the number of marriages has increased with the increase in the price of wheat and gone down with its reduction. The united intelligence of Dr. Ogle's audience was not equal to giving a plausible explanation of this remarkable fact by which the assertions of John Stuart Mill, Mr. Fawcett, and Dr. Farr were overthrown. As there are no statistics in this country favourable to their views, it is probable they were derived from foreign countries where such relations between marriages and the price of bread may possibly exist.

In casting about for other relations between the number of marriages and social and economic conditions, Dr. Ogle has found that a most remarkable agreement subsists between the value of the exports per head of the population and the marriage-rate when they are compared from year to year, and he has arrived at the conclusion that "the fluctuations in the marriage-rate follow the fluctuations in the amount of industrial employment"; and he is further able to show from the examination of some returns of the number of unemployed members of certain trades-unions that "the various industries are so solidly bound together that changes in even a single and small trade afford a very close index of the changes of the whole of them." But while the annual marriage-rate is obviously dependent on the industrial condition of the country, there is found to be an absolute decrease in the general marriage-rate, since 1857, of 4·65 per 1,000, which represents numerous adverse influences which are not of an industrial character, and which Dr. Ogle is inclined to attribute to the depression in agriculture and to a growing desire for greater comfort among all classes. We may hope also that greater prudence in regard to early marriages and fewer opportunities for employing children or neglecting their education have not been without their influence in this respect, and that these and other moral causes will become important factors in reducing the marriage-rate and birth-rate in future. One of the most interesting inquiries which Dr. Ogle has been making supports this view, as he finds that the marriage-rate in different parts of the country differs considerably, and that it is greatest in the districts in which women as well as men find profitable employment, and lowest where the women have no industrial work. "From time to time," he says, "one comes across laments on the unhappy condition of women, who are represented as driven to matrimony because they are unable by any other means to support themselves. This doubtless may sometimes be the case, especially in the classes where women are not taught any remunerative art; but among the working classes the very opposite is the case, and there women who are industrially occupied, and therefore on the whole best able to maintain themselves, are those who are most likely to marry."

The most interesting part of Dr. Ogle's paper is his glance into the future—not a very distant future—of the ever-growing population of this country, and what we are to do with it either by way of dispersing it or checking its growth. The birth-rate has fallen of late years greatly; but so also has the death-rate to about the same extent, so there is no opening in the clouds here. Emigration is a less hopeful expedient than many persons are aware of, as its excess over immigration amounts only to about the twentieth of the redundant growth of our population. Fields for emigration, moreover, are becoming contracted, and both America and Australia have become fastidious, and will only receive the healthiest and best of our emigrating classes, excluding in a very cavalier fashion the impecunious, feeble, and ailing members. Except in South Africa, which is hardly ready, new fields for our surplus population are of the most limited kind, and it is becoming a serious question to politicians and economists how far the increase of our population could be checked by the later marriages of women or by greater celibacy of both sexes. Dr. Ogle examines these questions as an experienced statistician and official of the Registrar-General's office, and by means of the material which that Office places at his command, but through which we need not follow him now, and arrives at the conclusion that, in order to produce a stationary population in which the birth-rate would balance the death-rate of 17·8 per 1,000, as it now stands, it would be necessary to require one-quarter of the women who now marry to remain permanently celibate, and the remaining three-quarters to retard their marriages for five years—conditions which, of course, it is useless to contemplate. Dr. Ogle leaves the problem here as one to be solved in some other way; but, if he is right in his contention that marriages are chiefly influenced by our industrial occupations, may we not look for a solution of the population question to our industrial successes or failures? So long as our exports continue to increase, there will be room and food enough for a corresponding increase of the population: when they begin to fail, as we have too much reason to fear they may as rivals come into the field, marriages will fall off and the population contract with the decrease of our industrial products. Such a falling off could not be very sudden, except in the case of an adverse war, and our practical instincts would be ready to find some new source of income before the old one entirely failed us. The time was when England was a pastoral country; then it became an agricultural one; now it is an industrial and commercial country, and it will doubtless be as ready as any other to adapt itself to new conditions. Our capacity for work is

immensely greater now than it was fifty years ago. In 1838 the exports per head of population were 17. 18s. 8d., and in 1888, 6l. 4s. 11d., showing that a man at the present time can produce as much as three men could half a century ago. The progress in profitable work has been gradual, though not quite uniform, during the whole of that period, notwithstanding the rapid increase in the population. Just after the Franco-German war times were better with us than they are now; but that was due to exceptional economic conditions; and, on the whole, we see more reason for hopefulness than despair of our social condition in the future in the statistics which Dr. Ogle has so skilfully placed before us.

JESS ON THE STAGE.

WE should be very unwilling to attempt to maintain in argument that *Jess* is the best of Mr. Rider Haggard's novels, but—a very different thing—it is about the best for adaptation to stage purposes. The most striking incidents of Mr. Haggard's more adventurous stories could not by any possibility be suggested, much less realized, on the boards of a theatre. A chief event of nearly every book is a stupendous fight; and though stage duels are very often extremely effective—Mr. Irving has not for many years past fought one which was otherwise than thrilling—fights which introduce a number of combatants never really succeed in the theatre. Natural phenomena and moving incidents of flood and field are also things upon which Mr. Haggard greatly relies; and the stage-manager is very apt, in attempting such points, to find the brevity of that proverbial slip from the sublime to the ridiculous very forcibly impressed upon him. But *Jess* lends itself readily to stage treatment. There are, to begin with, those familiar characters—characters however which, though familiar, are always welcome to a great section of playgoers if only treated with a certain amount of freshness—the Hero, the Heroine, the Villain, the Comic Man—a new type, for he is here a Boer—and the Villain's Victim—also new, for he is a Hottentot. All this is well. With these accepted types to perform their accustomed work, or something like it, the playwright cannot, or should not, go very far astray; but, in addition to this, there are some remarkably dramatic scenes—dramatic, moreover, alike in narration and exhibition—and, furthermore, there is the pathetic story of devoted and self-sacrificing love which forms the foundation of the plot.

The adapters had the wit to perceive that *Jess* would make a very good play; but they did not quite see how good it might be, nor understand how to make the best of the materials at their disposal. The first act does well enough. Bessie Croft washes the ostrich feathers outside her uncle's farm at Mooifontein, shows her regard for John Niel, old Croft's new partner, and her detestation of Frank Muller, the Boer leader. We see also Jess's secret love for Niel, we understand the simple honesty and manliness of Silas Croft, and the Hottentot, Jantzé, helps to impart the desirable local colour. Enough, and not too much, is made of the impending danger from the malcontent Boers. Jess, in the person of Miss Eweretta Lawrence, one of the adapters, is too ready to let us into the secret of her hidden devotion to her sister's lover, and, indeed, the young lady is given to prolixity; when an energetic actress writes her own part, it may be assumed, almost as a matter of course, that it will be made a little too long. It is in the third act that one who did not know the play was an adaptation of a novel would begin strongly to suspect the fact. The situation is not made sufficiently clear, and there is too much abruptness in John Niel's declaration of his love for Jess; more might well be made of their efforts to obtain a safe-conduct, and the episode of the escape is muddled. Why are we not shown the very exciting attempt of Carolus and Jan, acting under Muller, who beguiles them with an order he has forged in the name of the President for the execution of Niel and Jess, to kill the pair of fugitives? Opportunity for pictorial display and a very telling scene is here deliberately cast aside. This is, in truth, melodrama—realistic, natural, well based it may be but melodrama all the same, and it is best to be thorough. If Miss Lawrence were gifted with a power which she does not possess, the despairing love of Jess might be made so forcible that the perils of the escape would seem of secondary importance; but we by no means find this so at the Adelphi. Miss Lawrence as actress cannot sustain our concern for Jess's suffering, and as playwright she has made this the leading motive of the act. We see Silas Croft tried by the court-martial presided over by Frank Muller and condemned to the death his enemy's vengeance decrees; Muller is triumphant; Niel returns to find Jess already back at the farm, and the consequence of all this is that the playwrights—Mr. Bisgood has helped Miss Lawrence—find themselves with too many strings to their bow. If a spectator feels any interest in the development of the story, he will want to know the precise fate and fortune of Silas Croft, but this is not shown. After being led off in the custody of the Boers he is seen no more. Then, too, there is the question of Muller's deserts. His life, by the law of poetical, or rather dramatic, justice, is forfeited to Niel, against whom he has devised murderous plots, involving Jess and her sister, and this life is also forfeited to Jantzé, whose father and mother the villain murdered in cold blood. But Jantzé cannot nerve himself to strike the blow, and so, taking the dagger, Jess enters

the house in which Muller is supposed to be sleeping, and herself stabs him. All this appears to us very undramatic, and we cannot agree with the idea that a thing is necessarily good only because it is a departure from tradition. We want novelty and freshness on the stage badly enough, but we also want dramatic propriety and power.

The hero of *Jess*, Mr. T. B. Thalberg, has not the secret of dominating an audience as one in the position of hero should do. He plays respectably, but needs strength. Of Miss Eweretta Lawrence, the heroine, we have incidentally spoken. She entirely lacks, or at best very feebly exhibits, the requisites of success. Dramatic force cannot, perhaps, be acquired, but every one with pretensions for the theatre can enunciate English without affectation or artificiality, and a word of special caution on this head may be addressed to Miss Lawrence. Mr. Beveridge acquitted himself really very well indeed as Silas Croft. There was a touch of genuine pathos in his simple story of how Jess and her sister found their way to his farm, and he bore himself in the last act with a modest bravery that is very much to the purpose. Mr. Charles Dalton did excellent work as Muller, and we accept with approval the Hans Coetzee of Mr. Julian Cross and the Jantzé of Mr. H. Athol Forde. Both actors gave clever studies of out-of-the-way character. Miss Helen Forsyth did what could reasonably be expected as Bessie, and Miss St. Ange showed much judgment in her performance of the small part of Mrs. Neville, an English lady in Pretoria. But the capabilities of *Jess* for dramatic purposes have not yet been worked out.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THE obligation to defend India, come what may, is the heaviest liability this country is under. It is that obligation, indeed, which mainly constitutes for us the gravity of the Eastern question. But, as our position in India depends partly upon our prestige, and partly upon the benefits we confer upon the native population, good finance is even more vitally necessary to the government of India than that of any other State. Yet, though the Indian Budget was published in Calcutta on Friday of last week, not one morning paper thought it worth while to present its readers the next morning with a special report of it. Even the *Times* was content to wait for its usual Monday telegram. So much for newspaper estimate of the relative importance of current intelligence. It will be said, no doubt, that the editor is bound to supply the kind of news desired by his readers. But it is to be recollect that, apart altogether from political interest, British investments in India amount to hundreds of millions sterling, and that there are large classes, therefore, eager for correct information as to the financial condition of that country. The report of Sir D. Barbour's statement being scanty, it will be well to speak of it with reserve. But, as far as can be judged, it was highly satisfactory. The year that ended with March 1889 had an actual surplus of 37,000 l ., instead of a deficit of 201,700 l ., as estimated twelve months ago; while for the current year the estimated surplus of 106,300 l . has been converted into one of 2,733,000 l . In these figures we are taking the rupee at the conventional value of ten to the pound sterling. Of course it is not worth nearly so much; but it is convenient to assume it to be so, for the sake of comparison with the past. It is to be recollect, further, that actual results known are for only eleven months of the current year, and that, therefore, the surplus above given may be somewhat modified when the accounts are finally made up. But the change will probably not be very great. The improvement in the current year's Budget is due, firstly, to the greater productiveness of the principal items of revenue; secondly, to the fact that the India Council was able to sell its bills and Telegraphic Transfers at better prices than had been expected; and, thirdly, to a smaller expenditure upon and a larger return from opium. The opium crop last year was short, and as the Indian Government buys the article at a fixed price, the purchase money was lower than it would have been had the crop been abundant. On the other hand, the smallness of the crop raised the price considerably. Sir D. Barbour, however, at once proceeds to reduce his surplus very materially. In the first place, he postpones the collection of 490,000 l . due from the Local Governments until next year, diminishing by that amount the revenue of the current year, and of course proportionately increasing that of next year; and, in the second place, he partially revives the Famine Grant. It will be recollect that four years ago it was found necessary to suspend the Famine Insurance Fund. This year, however, he restores the fund to the amount of 600,000 l . The result of these two measures is that the surplus of the current year is expected to be reduced to 1,809,700 l .

For the year beginning next Tuesday the revenue is estimated at 84,932,000 l . 490,000 l of this, as already stated, really belongs to the present year, but is credited to next year, and 100,000 l . are expected to be obtained by raising the duty on imported spirits one rupee per gallon, and by imposing on Indian brewed beer the same duty as is now levied on imported beer. On the other hand, the expenditure is swollen by a Famine Grant of 600,000 l ., and by an outlay of 432,000 l . on protective railways. A sum of 892,000 l . is to be expended on special defence works; and 1,361,000 l . for re-armaments, the Chin-Lushai Expedition, and

preparations for prompt mobilization. The final result is an estimated surplus of 270,400 l . Sir D. Barbour appears to have discussed at considerable length the condition and prospects of Indian finance. He points out that the great increase in the opium revenue is not likely to be soon repeated. Already the price has considerably fallen. But, at the same time, he thinks that the improvement in the general revenue will continue. His forecast twelve months ago, he contends, has been fully borne out by the event, and he hopes that the new year will again verify his expectations. But he admits that there are difficulties of no slight magnitude to be met, and that, therefore, there is every need for caution and economy. One of the difficulties is the necessity for increased military preparation imposed by the advance of Russia to the Afghan frontier. That has compelled the Indian Government for years past to spend large sums upon defensive works, and in the coming year, as already stated, the outlay is to be increased, while a further expenditure is to be incurred in preparation for prompt mobilization in case of need. The circumstance, however, is one over which the Indian Government has no control. It must spend whatever money is necessary to enable it to repel danger should the occasion arise. And it is obvious that events may at any moment occur which would augment very seriously the financial embarrassments of India. Were there no other danger ahead this alone would amply justify Sir D. Barbour's warning that caution and economy are indispensably necessary. India, however, is confronted with another danger—namely, the depreciation of silver. It has to pay in London every year about sixteen millions sterling in gold, and, as its revenue is raised in silver, and silver compared with gold has fallen during the past seventeen years about 30 per cent., India's liabilities in London are increased proportionately. In other words, India has to raise a proportionately larger silver revenue in order to meet its gold obligations in London. During the current year the India Council, as already stated, has been able to sell its drafts at better prices than were expected, and it has thereby saved about 200,000 l . But it is impossible to foresee whether the recovery in the price of silver will be maintained. If it is, of course the Indian Treasury will so far be benefited; but if it is not—if, on the contrary, the fall in silver should begin again—the loss by exchange will increase in the future, and consequently a larger and larger proportion of the proceeds of the taxes will be required to meet the debts due in London.

But, though the depreciation of silver inflicts a serious loss upon the Indian Treasury, it has its counterbalancing benefits for the general community. The purchasing power of silver in India has fallen very little, if at all, during the past twenty years. The rupee, that is to say, is able to buy as much, or very nearly as much, as it did twenty years ago. But Indian exports are sold in Europe and Australia for gold, and the gold exchanges for more rupees than it did twenty years ago; which is equivalent to saying that the depreciation of silver compared with gold has practically neutralized, so far as India is concerned, the fall in prices that has taken place in Europe. This, together with the opening up of the country by means of railways and the shortening of the sea voyage by the cutting of the Suez Canal, has greatly stimulated Indian trade. As a matter of fact, Sir D. Barbour admits in his financial statement that India has been exceedingly prosperous for several years. This being so, it may be said with great force that the loss by exchange, as it is called, is not so serious a matter as it is sometimes represented, since India is better able to bear increased taxation. No doubt that is true; but all the same it is a serious matter for the Indian Government to impose taxation simply because the home charges, as they are called, are constantly increasing. It is not surprising, then, that the question has attracted very great attention from Anglo-Indians. The remedy generally suggested is the adoption of bimetallism. But public opinion in this country is opposed to that. And now Sir J. P. Grant comes forward with a fresh suggestion—which is that England and India should adopt the same currency, the legal-tender coin being composed, so far as value goes, half of gold and half of silver, the relation between the two metals being determined by experts. The suggestion is worse even than the bimetallic proposal. Under bimetallism we should have either gold or silver, or both; but, if this plan were adopted, we should have none. Our currency would consist of a hybrid that no one would be likely to accept. London is the banking centre of the world, chiefly, no doubt, because the United Kingdom has a world-wide trade, but to a considerable extent also because London is the only free market for gold in the world. The man who sells in London or holds a bill upon London, or in any way has money standing to his credit in London, is satisfied that if he requires it he can have gold, but he is not equally sure that he can have it anywhere else. If Sir J. P. Grant's suggestion were adopted, London would cease to be a free market for gold, and our trade would suffer. This is one of the objections from the English point of view, and it is only one, perhaps not even the weightiest. From the Indian point of view the objections are equally great. Without enumerating these, it is enough to point out that the suggestion would impose upon India—a poor country confronted by grave political dangers, and engaged in the expensive task of supplying itself with the requirements of modern civilization—the cost of purchasing a large amount of gold, and it would incur this cost for absolutely no advantage. The truth is, that the so-called loss by exchange is to a large extent, at all events, an incident of the political and

economical condition of India, and cannot be got rid of by any currency expedients. The Government has to comfort itself as best it can with the reflection that, if its own financial difficulties are thereby increased, on the other hand the industrial prosperity of its subjects is increased, and that thus they are better able to bear the sacrifices which they are called upon to make.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE effect which Japonism has produced on European art within the last quarter of a century has escaped no careful observer. It showed itself at first in a certain lightening of tone, a tendency to paler and purer shades of colour than had been used by the pre-Raphaelites. It showed itself, also, in the form of certain affectations borrowed from the fan and the cup, the bough of blossom straggling over the canvas, the sharp line of shadow in a blaze of light. We have owed to it good and evil things in our national art. It has tended to make our pictures slighter, but yet more graceful. It has opened our eyes to certain phases of nature; it has made us easily contented with a convention in other directions. On the whole, the effect of Japan on Europe in art has been civilizing and improving. But the danger has been that our artists should merely imitate, from excess of sympathy, without the fortification of sufficient knowledge. There has been a choice of cockney Japonism, applying an impossible Fuji-no Yama on a ground of saffron, with a cluster of Wardour Street peach-blossom at the foot of it. So few of us have been to Japan, and so many of us have seen fans and screens and Satsuma-ware, that the cockney version had a good chance of passing, not perhaps undetected, but unrepented.

At last an English painter, and that one of the most promising of a new school of landscape, has gone to Japan with the deliberate intention of seeing the country, not as its natives see it, but as it displays itself to a trained and sensitive Western eye. Mr. Alfred East, whose excellent work in the past has shown him to be singularly open to vivid impressions of scenery, spent a large portion of the year 1889 in the heart of the most romantic part of Japan; and he is now exhibiting in the rooms of the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street, the result of his labours, in the shape of over one hundred paintings and sketches. We shall have so much to say in praise of Mr. East's exhibition that we have no scruple in admitting that we think he would have been better advised if he had shown not quite so many of his studies. His work is unequal in value, as work which is so personal as his is almost certain to be. He can scarcely be very critical, or he would have noticed what injury to the general effect is done by one such thoroughly bad drawing as No. 31. Some of the larger canvases are too slight in execution, and look as if they had been touched up, with insufficient care, since the painter's return to England. But the main body of the collection is of a variety and freshness, and possesses a charm of colour and a delicacy of sentiment, which are extremely rare. Whatever is shown of modern English art in London this season, Mr. East's exhibition must be remembered as one of the most original of the year.

An introductory note to the catalogue informs us that Mr. East arrived in March at Nagasaki, of which he immediately made a gay drawing (1), with the pink light on the mountains above its crowded port. He passed from Nagasaki, through the whole course of the Inland Sea, to Kobo at its eastern extremity, and thence to the free port of Osaka. From this point he went inland to Kiyōto, the former residence of the Mikados, on the famous Lake of Biwa. In this neighbourhood he painted six of the classical Omi-no-Hakkei, "The Eight Scenes of Omi," which are so often celebrated in Japanese poetry as containing the *ne plus ultra* of natural beauty. He then made his way to Tokio, and from that centre twice visited the Hakone Mountains, where he hired a cottage on the south-western slope of Fuji-no Yama itself. We must not continue his itinerary, which is given in detail in the Catalogue. Suffice to say that he has brought home the first full and selected series of representations of Japanese scenery which have been made by a competent European artist.

Of Mr. East's pictures the least ambitious are, as a rule, the most beautiful. The small cabinet-size sketches or studies are the jewels of the collection, and, with few exceptions, those of which the visitor brings away the most vivid recollection. Before describing any of them, however, we must mention the painting which, in our opinion, is the finest of Mr. East's impressions, "The Temple of Gi-on" (50), of which shrine several other versions are contributed. In this particular one the last ray of sunset light falls on the scarlet lacquer which covers the rafters and saddle-roofs of this noble and ancient edifice. The temple glows like flame out of the solemn shadow of the dark velvety, green trees around. Another very striking view of the same red temple is No. 64. When we come to the smaller studies, the difficulty is to make a selection, so many are full of peculiar beauty. "Haru-Yuki" (24) represents children pelting one another with snowballs made of the fallen blossoms of the cherry, in the garden of Shiba—a study singularly refined and rich in colour. Very pale, in tones of exquisite turquoise-blue, is "Lake Biwa, near Karasaki" (9), with its wild cranes in the foreground. "An Angry Night" (60), with vermillion sunset closed round by inky clouds, in the Hakone Mountains, is very fine. No drawing here is of a more delicate originality in colour than "Gay and

Grave" (93), a contrast between the orange foliage of the newly-expanded maple and the deep crape-like green of the columnar cryptomeria, both seen against an ochre-coloured hill and pale grey sky. There is all the magic of Japan in this extraordinary little study. The cryptomeria figures in a great many sketches; "Evening Gloom" (75) is a lovely glade in a forest of these trees, near Hakone, and a more elaborate "Entrance to Moto-Hakone" (45) shows an avenue of dark cryptomerias, with the gleaming temple at the end of it; this is like a page of Theocritus translated into Japanese.

The larger works in oil are full of interest, although in them Mr. East's limitations are more apparent. The "Lotus Pond near the Temple of Hachi-men at Kamakura" (42) is rather a huge sketch than a picture. The luxuriant lotus, with its enormous pink and white blossoms and pale green leaves, like elephants' ears, is interesting; but the perspective of its surface on the lake is imperfectly rendered. In the same way, there is something ineffectual about the "Distant View of Kobe" (98), which takes the place of honour on the opposite wall. The scene is one of extraordinary beauty—the blue waters of the Inland Sea in the background display the gleaming city beyond them; in the front are golden-green meadows, the outbuildings of a tea-house, a shrine, and some native figures walking. The last-mentioned are rather poor and flat. There seems, from the representations of Mr. East, and from the accounts of other artist-travellers, to be a peculiar atmospheric pallor in the light of Japan which gives very charming incidental effects, but is ill suited to compositions on a heroic scale. The Catalogue says that the "Lake Biwa" (18), with a boat drawn up on shore in the foreground, was painted "in the radiant light of a sunny day"; but it is obvious that this is not "the radiant light" of an Indian, or Italian, or even of an English summer. The hot light is suffused through a grey veil. This is still more strikingly exemplified in a drawing of singular beauty, "Moist Heat" (14), which represents a midday effect on Lake Biwa. Here the surface of the water is of a brilliant dead white, like whitewash, and all other objects—the distant mountains, the near shore, some fugitive sails upon the lake—receive a uniform tint of iron-grey.

We turn from these monochromes of midday to the studies of early morning or late afternoon, flooded with colour. The "Return from Shiba" (8) reminds us of the peculiar worship of the cherry-blossom which prevails in this elegant and sentimental country. A party of men and women, in gay apparel, returns from a solemn visit to the cherry-groves, which are cultivated in Japan, as we have to recollect, not for their fruit, but for their blossoms. The well-known American artist, Mr. La Farge, in an article on Japan in the March number of the *Century Magazine* (an article which may well be read in connexion with Mr. East's exhibition), speaks of how often may be seen in "cherry-blossom time some old gentleman with capacious saké-gourd in hand, and big roll of paper in his girdle, seat himself below the blossom-showers, and look and drink, and drink and write verses, all by himself, with no gallery to help him." In "Tea-House Garden near Kiyōto" (11)—which, however, is too garish, and not one of Mr. East's successes—we see the various kinds of plum-blossom in their early beauty, awaiting the troops of their admirers. In Japan it is a common thing for enthusiasts to hang copies of verses against the bark of a tree, peach, or plum, or cherry, the blossom-show of which is particularly grand, paying to the Nymph of the tree herself that homage which in Arden is reserved for Rosalind.

No series of Japanese subjects is complete without that marvellous mountain which English people commonly call Fuji Yama, but whose real name, it appears, is Fuji-no Yama, or, still more accurately, Fuji-San. A very brilliant and delicate study of the great mountain "Seen from Yoshi-Wara" (22), makes it look like a specimen of that noble iridescent denizen of tropical seas, the so-called Portuguese Man o' War. In No. 17 the peak is seen from a street in Yokohama, towering in its quiet majesty over the bustle of the Feast of Flags. In No. 32, "Fuji-San from the Plains of Suza-Gawa," Mr. East has given the turquoise-coloured delicacy of the haze, fading upwards into pearl, with almost the charm of an Inchbold, and in this sort of subject praise can proceed no further than that. The Fuji-San rises near 13,000 feet above the sea; in the conventional design which Japanese artists love to place on every fan or plate they decorate, the mountain always terminates in three domed peaks; but it appears that this is an error, or more probably, perhaps, a tradition going back to a time previous to the last volcanic disturbance. There are now, at all events, but two crater-cones visible from below.

We have yet to mention some of the more notable of Mr. East's pictures. "Boats sailing back to Yahae" (16) is a pale and dreamy effect of moonrise on the Lake of Biwa, the maples clothed in rose-coloured and greenish-golden foliage, a wild-duck scudding across the foreground. The inundated paddy-fields, "Near Ōtsu" (21), are studded with white egrets. Very curious is the "Fox Shrine" (30), with its marble figures of seated foxes, the symbol of the potent God of Rice; the whiteness of the foxes contrasts with the black lustre of the rooks around the shrine. "A Snowy Day in March" (51) shows gaily-coloured figures masquerading on the white street of a winter village. The solemn cryptomeria is done full justice to in the rich and melancholy study of a glade "Near Hakone" (75). Doubtless very true to nature, but singular in its contrasts of amber and purple, is "Evening after a Storm in the Hakone Mountains" (101). But we hope we have said

enough to show how interesting and original an exhibition Mr. East has provided.

Mr. Dunthorne has opened at his Gallery in Vigo Street a collection of water-colour drawings of landscapes in Hampshire, by Mr. F. G. Cotman, who is a grandson of the great Norwich painter. These little pictures are very dexterously painted, generally in a light key, with lustrous expanses of water and stretches of luminous distance. The Cathedral of Winchester forms a feature in the background of many of them, tinted with atmospheric colour, lilac (10) or smoky blue (4). One drawing of more than usual importance displays the full length of Christchurch Abbey (14), greenish blue against a red mill and green meadow in the foreground. "Where the Stour and Avon meet" (29) is an ideal bit of dreamy English landscape. The visitor should particularly observe "Sunset" (35), the mist over Bosham Church, seen down a reedy vista of river; "The Ambulatory, St. Cross" (18), with its rich greys and reds; "The Old Cottages, St. Catherine's Hill" (42); and "Christchurch from St. Catherine's Hill" (12), with its bright, rose-coloured quarry in the foreground. We must spare a word of commendation for the Catalogue, which supplies some useful antiquarian notes, and is adorned with clever sketches in black and white.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE has been this week a marked divergence between the rate of interest and the rate of discount in the discount market. For example, in the open market the rate of discount has been little better than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; yet the bill-brokers and discount-houses have had to borrow over $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions from the Bank of England at 4 per cent., and the interest rate in the outside market has not been very much lower. The general expectation is that money will become both cheap and abundant immediately after Easter. Therefore bill-brokers and discount-houses are eager to obtain bills; and, as the supply of loanable capital is for the moment short, they are willing to pay a high rate of interest, believing that they can renew their loans immediately after Easter on more favourable terms to themselves. In the Stock Exchange, however, there has been exceedingly little demand for money. Stock Exchange borrowers at the Settlement which began on Wednesday were able to obtain all the accommodation they required at from about $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The speculative account open for the rise has been so greatly reduced that it was difficult to employ the usual amount of money, while there has been a considerable speculation for the fall opened. The Directors of the Bank of England have very properly maintained their rate of discount at 4 per cent.; for, in the present state of Berlin and Buenos Ayres, it would not be at all surprising if gold shipments on a large scale were to begin. After Easter, as already said, the market expects that money will be very easy. Probably it will be so for two or three weeks, but the ease is not likely to last. Firstly, it is to be noted that the outside market has borrowed from the Bank of England sums very nearly equal to the interest on the National Debt, which will be paid out of the Bank of England on the 8th of next month. The addition, therefore, that will be made to the market supply will not be very large. Next month the usual spring requirements will cause a considerable outflow of coin and notes for the internal circulation. And if there should at the same time spring up a foreign demand for gold there may be a sharp rise in rates.

The Coinage Committee of the House of Representatives on Tuesday reported the Secretary of the Treasury's Silver Bullion Purchase Bill limiting the bullion against which notes are to be issued to the production of the United States mines. A minority of the Committee were opposed to this amendment, but as the President threatens to veto the Bill unless so limited, the mine-owners urged upon their representatives to pass it as recommended by the Committee, and in Washington it appears to be expected that this will be done. This has somewhat strengthened the price of silver, which is now $43\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. There has also been a very strong demand this week for India Council Bills and Telegraphic Transfers, and the amount to be offered for tender will be increased next week. From the 1st of April to Wednesday evening last the sales of bills and telegraphic transfers have realized very nearly 15 millions sterling, or more than was estimated for in the Budget last year.

Prince Bismarck's resignation, labour disputes, and unfavourable reports respecting the iron industry have increased the difficulties of the Berlin speculators, and they have again been selling largely this week. The Paris Bourse has been greatly alarmed by the Prince's resignation. The members felt confident that he would not at his time of life rush into war; but now that younger men are at the helm of affairs, they are more apprehensive, and business practically is, therefore, suspended on the Bourse. The ability of the Amsterdam Bourse to purchase is limited, and consequently the Berlin operators have tried to sell in London, where at one time it looked as if they would cause a heavy fall in all international stocks. The effect of the Berlin crisis has been heightened by the very unfavourable news from Buenos Ayres. The last mail brings us newspapers of the 4th of this month. By them we are told that at the end of February an utter crash on the Bourse was prevented only by the intervention of the National Bank, which paid out 400,000*l.* in gold; that the

stock-in-trade of retailers is daily going to the auctioneer's hammer; that innumerable houses are vacant and cannot be let; that the commercial judges are working day and night sifting the many small failures that occur daily; that foreign trade is thrown into disorder; that the Customs' revenue has fallen off; that immigration has been checked; and that lands and houses are being pressed for sale at prices that only the other day would have appeared ruinously low. Lastly, the municipality of Buenos Ayres was unable to meet a bill amounting to $1\frac{1}{2}$ million of dollars, which was accordingly protested. It would seem, therefore, that the crash cannot now be far off, and it is not surprising that in this state of things all Argentine securities have been pressed for sale this week, and have declined considerably in price. To allay apprehension the Argentine Government has sent a telegram to Europe announcing that the expenditure in this year's and next year's Budget is to be greatly reduced, that the issue of notes and Cedulas is to be stopped, that provincial Governments are to be prevented from increasing the circulation and from raising foreign loans, that the concessions to guaranteed railways not yet constructed are to be cancelled, and that other reforms are to be introduced. Unfortunately the Argentine Government made similar promises months ago, and failed to carry them out, and the telegram, therefore, is not likely to have a very reassuring effect. It is also stated that a Syndicate of London and Paris bankers is to lend a sum of $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling to the Argentine Government on the security of State railways. There has been a further fall, too, in South African gold, diamond, and land shares, and various rumours are being circulated of bank failures and other difficulties in South Africa. Nitrate securities, too, have been greatly depressed. On Thursday Primitiva Nitrates were as low as $10\frac{1}{2}$, having been over 23 just before Christmas. Notwithstanding the settlement of the coal strike, too, home railway stocks have declined, and there is as little life as ever in the American railroad market. Railroad earnings in the United States are large, money promises to be more plentiful, the Company which sinned most in the cutting of rates in the North-West has been bought by another, and it is said that peace will now be maintained. Lastly, the Supreme Court has given a decision favourable to railway shareholders. But, in spite of all this, the public at both sides of the Atlantic keep aloof from the market, and business continues utterly stagnant. At the settlement this week it was found impossible to employ as much money as usual, showing that the speculation for the rise is every week being more and more reduced; while many securities were scarce, indicating that a speculation for the fall is beginning.

As far as can be made out from the railway traffic returns issued this week, it would seem that the loss of traffic due to the four days' coal strike was not far short of 50,000*t.* Most of the Companies do not distinguish between minerals and merchandise, but four of them do—the North-Western, the Great Northern, the Great Eastern, and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire. The three former show small increases under the head of goods and large decreases in minerals. The Sheffield line, however, shows a falling off in both classes. The increase in goods traffic in the case of the London and North-Western is the more remarkable because of the Liverpool strike. One would have supposed that that, together with the coal strike, would have seriously interfered with the ordinary traffic of the North-Western. As a matter of fact, the receipts from goods other than minerals were larger than in the corresponding week of last year, which was an exceptionally good week, the increase then over the corresponding week of 1888 having been nearly 80,000*t.* in goods alone. From this it would seem to follow that the coal strike lasted too short a time to interfere seriously with the general business of the country. Of course, it compelled many mills in Lancashire to close; but elsewhere it did not suspend business, and since the settlement the improvement in trade seems to be going on in a very satisfactory manner. There is a general feeling of relief all over the country, and an impression that the rise in wages will not so increase the cost of production as to prevent the trade revival from being carried much further. It is hoped, too, that a satisfactory mode of arranging wages questions amicably will be the result of the strike.

THE FINGER OF PROVIDENCE.

[“The forgery of the letters was discovered by a process—by a chain of occurrences which no man could have anticipated—and which I deem, and do not hesitate to say, seems to me directly and singularly Providential.”—Mr. GLADSTONE, at the National Liberal Club.]

THIE case, my friends, I think was such,
Unless I read it all amiss
(I do not hesitate at much,
And will not hesitate at this)—
Twas such, I say, my friends, as may
(Though in a spirit reverential)
Be held a sign from Power Divine,
And be described as Providential.

Yes, I profess, my Christian friends,
Such humble knowledge of the aims
Of Providence, its means and ends,
As true religion ever claims.

And I maintain that it is plain,
Even to the stiffest Tory bigot,
That Heaven's fixed law its agent saw
In that most miserable P-g-tt.

If still, my Christian friends, you doubt,
If more particulars you ask,
And bid me work my doctrine out,
In meekness I accept the task;
And say I deem the Hand Supreme
Selected—such at least my view is—
As instruments to mould events
Both L-b-ch-re and Mr. L-w-s.

That Hand it was—nay, was it not?—
That guided P-g-tt's erring feet
To L-bby's unassuming cot,
Where good Queen Anna names the street.
'Twas, as the Turk would say, the work,
The inscrutable decree of Allah,
That he to L. should try to sell
Those letters—before Mr. S-la.

'Twas Providence that left half-told
(Or told in half a dozen ways)
That story of Cambuscan bold
Which caused the public such amaze.
'Twas Heaven, no doubt, the truth brought out,
When Mr. L-b-ch-re's exertions
Failed to extract the actual fact
From P-g-tt's very varying versions.

Yes, all was Providential, all
Connected with that sorry knave;
His doubtful acts, his ill-spelt scrawl,
The very evidence he gave;
The secrets black, their clues that lack,
The mysteries waiting still their solver;
The sudden fright, the hasty flight,
The chase, the capture, the revolver.

And though, my Christian friends, I own
I should not venture to declare
The Irish leader—when alone—
Fenced round by Heaven's peculiar care;
Yet, seeing that he goes shares with Me,
These things (in temper reverential)
I think that I may qualify
As most distinctly Providential.

REVIEWS.

SPORT IN AFRICA.*

A BOOK dedicated to Royalty and devoted to big shooting has attractions beyond literary style. Sir John Willoughby declares, in his preface, that he has "carefully abstained from all extraordinary travellers' tales of hairbreadth escapes, and thrilling episodes"; and, in taking leave of his readers, he "can only hope that they may not be quite as glad to have reached the end of the narrative as their humble servant the author is at the present moment." The inexperienced may ask why a gentleman in this frame of mind should have published a large octavo; but reviewers need no explanation. His friends "over-persuaded" him, of course. But, as a matter of fact, Sir John Willoughby requires no excuse. We cannot honestly say that the general reader will find excitement in these pages, nor that the specialist will find information of value. But we know what to expect in the diary of travellers whose object is to shoot big game, and the author is an excellent specimen of his class. Though the unvarnished record of "shoots," page after page, may be wearisome to those who cannot hope to rival or to profit by that detailed experience, many sketches of native life are interspersed—rough, indeed, and entirely objective, but well worth note. The only character which the author has drawn is that of Mandara, chief of the Moëi. The travellers had a pleasing forecast of his disposition from the report of Mr. Fitch, a missionary who had been established two years in his neighbourhood. When the chief is put out by any of those annoyances to which the greatest monarchs are subject, he issues a boycotting notice against his missionary—we speak of him in the present tense hopefully, for a worse might come in his stead. In the year previous to the author's visit the crop of bananas and mtana had failed, with results disastrous to Mr. Fitch. For those materials is distilled *pombé*, upon which the chief gets drunk day by day. The consequent rise of prices kept him in a perennial rage, and during twelve months Mr. Fitch was unable to obtain either food or labour. To the travellers, however, he

* *East Africa and its Big Game.* By Captain Sir John Willoughby, Bart. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1889.

Kloof and Karroo: Sport, Legend, and Natural History in Cape Colony. With a notice of the Game Birds and of the present Distribution of the Antelopes and larger Game. By H. A. Bryden, Member of the South African Committee. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

was amiable enough, the flow of *pombé* having resumed its normal course. Another eccentricity is mentioned on his own report. Finding the leopards troublesome, he tied up one of his subjects for a bait, and posted another in hiding to shoot. The plan succeeded up to a certain point—the bait, that is to say, was taken. But the sportsman missed. We suspect that our author's informants misled him in describing the practices of this tribe in regard to marriage. It seems very unlikely that people dwelling in villages, under a settled government, would allow young men to carry off a bride without her father's knowledge and approval, payment to be arranged afterwards. Under such conditions marriage by capture would cease to be an interesting "survival"; defrauded parents would regard it as flat robbery. Nor can we credit that proceeding which the author calls the third act of the wedding ceremony, if we understand his suggestion aright. Arabs and Malays are very apt to attribute such practices to the inland non-Moslem people. But neither Arab nor Malay ever invented such a marvel as the subterranean retreat which Sina, chief of the Wa-Kiboso, was excavating when these gentlemen paid their visit.

His object was to undermine the whole village with enormous caves and long underground passages, which should represent a place of refuge for the cattle, and the women and children, in the event of any sudden attack . . . The excavations were being executed in the following manner: a series of shafts from two to three feet in diameter were sunk some twenty to thirty feet, and then were connected by underground tunnelling, until a succession of large caves and passages were formed, the latter being about eight or nine feet wide, and seven or eight feet high. . . . The whole of this laborious engineering was being executed with the aid of a single tool in the form of a crow-bar, made out of the barrel of an old gun; and with this ineffective instrument they managed to bore through the volcanic rock immediately underlying the surface soil, specimens of which I brought away with me.

The men who could project such a scheme, and carry it through with such appliances, must be qualified to join what we call the March of Progress with a little drill.

But the author and his friends went to kill big game, not to investigate the ethics of the negro. And assuredly they carried out their programme; but not in the brutal sense which used to be avowed. They "made it a standard rule that no animal life should be sacrificed to the love of sport," and again and again we see that the rule was observed. A hungry black man will put away a prodigious quantity of meat—and they always get hungry at the prospect of food. The caravan numbered some two hundred and fifty stalwart negroes, as it seems, equal to the consumption of a rhinoceros per diem on an average, no doubt. Moreover, the friendly tribes through which they passed were always ready to exchange grain and bananas for flesh—thus economizing beads, and cloth, and wire. The caravan people also trade with fresh meat. Thus we can understand how these huge "bags" were turned to profitable use. Huge they were, but such excellent marksmen might have rivalled the feats of Gordon Cumming, apparently, had they cared to do so. We read of Kirkii antelope "running about as thick as rabbits in a warren." "I found the spot simply swarming with buffalo. I kept putting them up like rabbits." "The grassy plain through which we marched was simply crawling with hundreds of Granti antelope, wildebeest, hartebeest, and zebra." At length these lucky sportsmen fall to grumbling at the multitude of game, which disturb those rarer animals they would fain secure. It will be understood that such excellent shots made a grand "record." They became critical in their judgment of rhinoceros, distinguishing them as fine, noble, or, in brief, superlative, and "good," "fair," or "moderate." It sounds a little odd to hear that "at the Ziwa B. and II. killed three moderate rhinos," but one grows accustomed to the eccentricity. For the bag of one day was five "rhinos" and a Granti; another eight "rhinos," three Granti, and an oryx, "which represented no bad day's sport," and so forth. The author himself had an experience probably unique in bagging a "rhino" and a buffalo "right and left." It may be noted that he did not personally find reason to believe that the black rhinoceros is a vicious beast, though an adventure of his comrade B., related on p. 202, somewhat shook his impression. The total number of rhinoceros secured was sixty-six, of buffalo twenty-one, elephant two, lion three, hippopotamus four, giraffe eight, smaller animals à *décrit*, as has been told. The ground traversed is familiar to those who take an interest in East Africa: from Mombasa to Taveta, and thence, in devious wanderings, to the Kikavon river, to the summit of the ridge between Kibo and Kimawenzi, 16,000 feet, to Lake Jipe, and to Useni on the Usegeri river. A vocabulary of useful words in the Swaheli language is appended.

Mr. Bryden uses quite another fashion in those parts of his book which deal with shooting and wandering. Fanciful sketches of travel are always welcome. Fanciful sketches which take incidents of travel as a groundwork for embroidery may be welcome. But a combination of the two should be avoided. We distrust any writer who drops into poetry when describing what he sees; the more impressive the situation which moves him to such outbursts the more we distrust. Quotations reek of the lamp, especially quotations of verse—they are all that is most opposed to the breezy daylight which should illumine a book of travels. And, to speak frankly, we cannot believe that the author, or anyone else, standing in front of the hotel at Graaff-Reinet, "could see distinctly many a bygone incident in the stormy past—could picture the arrival in the town, in 1796, of Mr. Barrow (afterwards Sir John Barrow of the Admiralty)," and so forth—a page from the annals of that interesting settlement. Such writing

shatters one's confidence in the detail of plain fact. It is an error in art also. "The secret of the Orange River" loses all verisimilitude when the man who tells of it cites fourteen lines of poetry on end, and applauds his own apt reference with the interjection "True! True!" Elsewhere there is an account of a footrace between a young English athlete and a Kaffir champion, which has interest as a record of fact. But when we read the long "descriptive" introduction and hear that the Kaffir's legs "felt like bars of lead" our attention wanders. So the story told by a native hunter, confirming the local belief that a black eagle—the dassievanger—will sweep an antelope from the mountain-side, in order to prey upon it down below—loses its claim to confidence upon the instant when we find the Kaffir saying, "Black as death was the eagle, and deathlike was its swoop, &c." Strict accuracy of local colour is desirable in picturesque descriptions. Mr. Bryden should not adorn the veldt with iris and lily, neither of which is found in Cape Colony. He knows what an Afrikander is; but the unskilled reader will certainly misunderstand when he hears that "an Afrikander is a person born in South Africa of European parents." The "irresistible" indications of the origin of the Bushmen will be found irresistible in another sense.

Happily the author does not fill his book with "word-paintings," though he has put them in the foreground. The greater part of it is devoted to straightforward writing upon matters of singular interest. "A Karroo Farm" is delightful to read. He is very well acquainted personally with most of the game, furred and feathered, still surviving in Cape Colony, and he offers valuable information about those which do not fall under his purview in the present volume. The series of monographs upon the Zebra, Birds of Prey in Cape Colony, the Fall of the Elephant, the Game Birds of Cape Colony, the True Unicorn, the Extinction of the True Quagga, are excellent examples of such work—concise, authoritative, laboriously compiled, easily and vigorously written. Birds appear to be Mr. Bryden's favourite study; but no living creature escapes his attention. He has even formed an approximate date for the taming of the meercat—a most admirable and characteristic photograph of this delightful little creature is appended; we believe, however, that tame meercats have been known from that undefined era when memory of man runneth not to the contrary. By-the-by, the author does not mention the rabid hatred of dogs, which explains the comparative rarity of these charming pets. But the most striking and valuable paper is entitled "The Present Distribution of the Antelopes and Large Game of Cape Colony." It "meets a distinct want," as the advertisements say, supplying in brief and businesslike summary a great deal of information, which will be new even to Afrikanders. For us, upon the whole, its statements are a pleasing surprise. Animals which most of us thought rare are described as plentiful in certain parts, and not a few commonly reckoned extinct are still, it seems, to be found. More important still, preservation is spreading fast, with instant benefit. A short catalogue may be welcome. The elephant, as everybody knows, is still to be found in the Knysna Forest; but everybody does not know that it is not uncommon betwixt Uitenage and King William's Town, in the Zitzikamma Forest, and the Adoo Bush. Buffalo are still "fairly numerous" in the same parts. The zebra is tolerably abundant in the Zwartberg, Witteberg, Great Winterhoek, Baviaans Kloof, Sneewberg, near Cradock, and a few other places. The quagga is extinct. Leopard still common in the mountains. Roan antelope long extinct. Eland extinct. Hartebeest almost extinct, but a few survive along the Orange River. Koodoo fairly abundant, and increasing fast, under preservation of the British farmers. Gemsbok nearly extinct. Black wildebeest fairly abundant, carefully preserved. Blue wildebeest extinct. Bontebok, a few preserved. Blessbok extinct; we can answer for it, however, that this animal was not uncommon twenty years ago in the remote districts round St. Helena Bay. Springbok common. Rietbok nearly extinct. Grey rhebok plentiful; red rhebok somewhat less. Klipspringer, duiker, grysrok, boschbok, steinbok, common. Bleekbok comparatively rare. Blaauwhok common. It will be understood that the author is referring to localities in general when he speaks of species as abundant. But Government and individuals now interfere so energetically that the antelopes are recovering lost ground everywhere. It is interesting and satisfactory to hear that the Koodoo have learned to know the boundaries of their refuge on Messrs. Hayward's farms, near Uitenage, never straying upon neighbours' land, where they would be shot down. There is already talk of reintroducing the exterminated species.

SPANISH NOVELS.

HOW much better is Señor Armando Palacio Valdés in practice than in theory will be discovered by those who, wading through the seventy-eight illogical pages of a preface he chooses to call a prologue, come upon his enchanting Hermana San Sulpicio (1), the heroine, not only of his best novel, but of one of the most noteworthy novels of the day. So faithful a delineation of Sevillian manners and customs, of purely Andalusian idiosyncrasies, has not appeared since the *Rinconete y Cortadillo* of

(1) *La Hermana San Sulpicio: Novela de costumbres andaluzas.* Por Armando Palacio Valdés. Madrid: Libertad No. 16.

Cervantes. But the Seville of Señor Valdés is no longer a picturesque one. It is the Seville of to-day, than which there is no happier hunting-ground for a novelist equipped with his perspicacity, keenness of observation, and pungent humour. Its very dialect lends to his irreproachable style, direct and swift, without being hurried, an additional savour. The simple plot (the story of the loves of Ceferino Sanjurjo and Gloria the ex-novice, known within the cloister as Sister San Sulpicio, whom the Galician hero rescues from involuntary renunciation) runs not smoothly, but coherently, and with more regard to unity than is perceptible in any of this writer's previous works, despite an involved dissertation in the preface on the optional aspect of unity in a work of art. Not but what he makes an occasional excursion outside the domain of his story. But all roads lead to Rome, and while in these pleasant byways we are never permitted to lose the guiding thread, we are brought in contact with people admirable as psychologic studies and invaluable as minor players in the well-developed action. As for the hero (the son of a well-to-do Galician chemist and an aspirant to poetic fame), it is not easy to see why Gloria cared for him, which is perhaps the best test of the truth of both to human nature. He is witty, more often at his own expense than of that of the world in general; and, as he tells his tale in the first person singular, we are further in his confidence than Gloria could have been. He is not improbable, but colourless; a mere idea in the mind of his maker, with no more personal attributes than you would expect of a Greek chorus. Yet, walking in his footsteps, an it be but with the feet of the mind (for if the mind have an eye, why deny it a foot?), you realize the thrill of pleasure with which he first set foot in the narrow, tortuous streets of Seville; "flooded with the penetrating light that fell from the victorious blue streak overhead," while the "sky communicated its joyousness to the city." And the city (small wonder!) lent it to Ceferino Sanjurjo, as he gazed through iron gates on the flowers, fountains, and jasper columns of the courtyards, lovely by day and yet more wondrous by night, when Sevillian custom turns them into reception rooms. And he saw, besides, wide railed windows revealing so ingenuously details of domestic life that they might have been planned to this end. In one sate white-robed maidens with roses in their hair (every woman in Seville, old or young, wears a flower in her hair), sewing and smiling a mocking smile on the stranger. In another—

A girl was seated at the piano, with her back turned to the street. I stopped for a moment to listen to her, and with me a woman of the people, who, pressing her face against the rails, exclaimed, "Señorita, Señorita!"

The girl turned, with the inquiry "What is your pleasure?" "No Señorita, que me gutaba uté por etra y queria ver si poeante . ." ("I liked you from behind, and wanted to see if the other side of you . . .") "And how am I on this side?" said the child, without the slightest embarrassment.

"Like a rosebud, *mi corazon* (my heart)."

"Muchas gracias." With that she turned round and quietly continued playing.

These streets lead him to the Convent of the Holy Heart, and even inside it, where Gloria (whom he has already met in the train of the Mother Superior at the baths of Marmolejo) is in durance; to the cigarette manufactory in the Triana, where Paca, a faithful ex-retainer and emissary of Gloria, lives to maintain and beat a husband, who, when in his cups, mews and insists on being stroked like the cat he believes himself to be; to the patio, where the De Anguitas hold their nightly receptions; to the Tavern of the Eritain, where the four native horses of the Conde del Padul land him in strange company, amid the bulls under inspection for the next day's fight, matadores, golden youths attired as chulos, guitarists as they make them in Seville, three ladies known respectively as La Lola, Matilde la Serrana, and Concha la Carbonera (for whose dancing and singing not even the Spanish Exhibition has prepared us), an eccentric, but not improbable, Englishman, and El Naranjero, a Spanish ticket-of-leave brigand; to a picnic at a riverside villa—

It was the hour of four, and the city's intense whiteness, which accenuates its African character, was laid in the oblique rays of the sun. Innumerable towers, slate and tiled *mudejares*, shone like diamonds, and above all towered the svelte and formidable Giralda. . . . My eyes did not find, in that splendid landscape, the rich tones of my native Galicia. Despite this difference, or perhaps because of it, the impression was the more vivid. In lieu of colours there were scintillations; the air shone in a general illumination. The contours of all things, either far or near, seemed to be drawn, like the Giraldas, with a hard, firm line. The little suburban woods formed no green blots or patches; each tree was limned with amazing clearness. I know not what attraction caused me to raise my eyes persistently to the blue void overhead. . . . It was an intense pleasure, a sensuous delight, to lose myself in that translucent ambient, and a vague indefinite longing almost rent me of consciousness. For a moment I lost the very notion of existence, even to the thought of Gloria, who was so near me. Had I had wings I should, forgetful of her, have soared to the luminous Infinite, although this may appear improbable and contradictory.

We know of no definition of this species of ecstasy that compares as favourably with M. Sully-Prudhomme's *Pan* as these few lines of Spanish prose, which we strip regretfully of their sonorous native music. And the row back to Seville on the smooth, moonlit waters of the Guadalquivir? Surely we hear—

The crystalline glu-glu of the water as the *falsa* (felucca) oscillated with a sweet, monotonous lament. At our request the boatmen rested on their oars, while we let ourselves be drawn by the imperceptible current. Pepita, with a few preliminary flourishes, handed the guitar to Gloria . . . who, after a brief prelude, suddenly gave the long, thrilling, passionate cry with which Andalusian songs begin. The sleepy air was stirred, and

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carried that cry, on invisible wings, far into the deserted land. I thrilled and quivered as if I had touched an electric battery. The long-drawn-out note died at last like a faint sigh in her throat. Then, with rapid brio, she sang the two first verses of the ballad, and was silent.

"Olé, mi niña! Bueno! Viva tu salero!" cried several voices. Gloria, without moving an eyelash, her gaze fixed and abstracted, her features tense as will befall those who put much of their soul into song, concluded the ballad, until her voice sank to a vague sweet murmur and died away like a sob.

Why, at that moment, when my love for her had turned to intoxication and delirium, with everything smiling on me as I neared the goal of my desires, was my soul submerged in sadness, until I tasted the bitterness of death? They who hold that love and death merge one in the other in the mysterious centre of universal life are perhaps right. . . .

Great as is the descriptive power of Señor Valdés, it is in the delineation of character that his talent finds its fullest expression. Gloria, brilliant, piquant, passionate and impulsive, dowered by heritage and right divine with every Andalusian witchery; the Conde del Padul, a despotic and courteous Grand Seigneur, amiable, insolent, and dissipated; Paca, the Sevillaña *pur sang*, are superb creations. Scarcely less masterly are Gloria's mother, Doña Tula; Don Oscar, this pious lady's house-steward and affinity, a stentorian dwarf; Isabel del Padul, the beautiful coquette; Villa, her dupe; Daniel Suarez, the youthful Malaganian cynic; the irrepressible Don Nemesio, the sisters De Anguita, the innkeeper of Marmolejo; Matildita, the tiny Sevillian landlady, Ceferino's self-constituted literary censor, confidante, guide, philosopher, and friend. Others there are of whom we only catch a glimpse, such as Puig, the irascible Catalonian of the railway carriage between Madrid and Marmolejo; the blandly murderous alcalde, the braggart Barcelonian; Doña Raquel, the irate provincial Juno, and other tenants of Matildita's boarding-house, whom, once met, although, according to certain canons, their very existence is irrelevant, are never to be forgotten.

Jaque à la Reina (2) is the history of the domestic joys and sorrows, the financial operations, political aspirations, tardy sowing of wild oats, and the interest mingled with dismay with which these events are watched by the "sisters, cousins, aunts," mother, and children of one Juan José Boronat, a bourgeois of Madrid—twenty years of sordid commonplace experience, told by a writer of some ability with a satisfaction we cannot share, and the fidelity to detail of a Chinese landscape, distinguished by the same absence of foreshortening, proportion, or tone.

Niñerías (3) is a charming book about children, good for the reading of grown people. The writer, Dr. Manuel Tolosa Latour, is the first Spanish medical authority on the diseases of children, yet his tales, evidently the work of one who loves his subject, are rather psychological than physiological. *Corazón de Oro, El traje de Mayo*, and *Al pie de la Cuna* give as much evidence of literary aptitude as of delicate and sympathetic insight.

Juan Alcarreño (4), a curious study of Spanish official manners, in the form of a novel with a purpose, is the work of one who has held important office as a public servant for many years. The story is slight and not particularly interesting, but it is humorously told, and has the additional merits of being an authentic and irrefutable document. It is cleverly illustrated by Alarcón and other well-known artists.

A TEXT-BOOK OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY.*

THAT a scientific man should be willing to leave so distinguished a position as that of Professor in the University of Heidelberg and to accept a post under a private manufacturing Company suggests some curious and, for Englishmen, not very pleasant reflections. We may take it as certain that the change would not have been effected if the Professor had been asked to abandon scientific research for commercial life. It is probable that his whole time is now devoted to research, and that he possesses advantages equal, if not superior, to those he enjoyed in the University. The acceptance of such a post by such a man proves that the most advanced thought and work are deemed necessary for the development of the industry, and that no pains are spared to get the best men. To a certain extent this is recognized in England, and men whose names are illustrious in science have been, and are to an increasing extent, employed by manufacturers. But the universal complaint is that, in the more difficult departments of chemical manufacture, the Germans are beating the English, and we fear that this is partly due to the much greater number of well-trained chemists, anxious for home-work, which Germany produces. The English scientific student is too apt to think he is sufficiently qualified when he has passed a certain series of examinations.

Professor Bernthsen's book, which has been well translated by Dr. McGowan, is not very original in substance or arrangement, but none the less it supplies a definite want, and will be very

(2) *Jaque à la Reina*. Por José M. Mathen. Madrid: Imprenta de M. Zello, Don Evaristo, No. 8.

(3) *Niñerías*. Por F. T. Latour. Madrid: Calle de Atocha, No. 113.

(4) *Juan Alcarreño*. Por Teodoro Baró. Madrid: Librería de Fernando Fé, Carrera de San Jerónimo, No. 2.

* *A Text-Book of Organic Chemistry*. By A. Bernthsen, Ph.D., Director of the Scientific Department in the Chief Laboratory of the Baden Aniline and Alkali Manufactory, Ludwigshafen-am-Rhein; formerly Professor of Chemistry in the University of Heidelberg. Translated by George McGowan, Ph.D., Demonstrator in Chemistry, University College of North Wales, Bangor. London: Blackie & Son. 1889.

useful. Technical criticism would scarcely be in place in this journal; but some idea of the plan and extent of the book may be conveyed even to those who are but slightly versed in chemistry. It is well known that what is still described as organic chemistry is merely the chemistry of carbon compounds, and that the laws which govern it are by no means peculiar to this branch of the science. The compounds of carbon are practically infinite in number, because carbon atoms have a remarkable tendency to unite with one another, and simultaneously with the atoms of other elements. Atomic groups, called molecules, are thereby produced, in which a large number of atoms are often contained; and, as the nature of a compound is determined by the kind, number, and arrangement of the atoms in its molecules, there is room for almost infinite diversity. Means are known whereby the molecular structure of compounds can, in a vast number of cases, be ascertained with something very like certainty; and, as the number of compounds already known to us transcends all human memory, chemistry is getting more and more a science of generalization and classification. Types, and the mutation of types, are what we chiefly want to know; these and the laws of variation of properties under each type. To the elucidation of these points the greatest efforts of modern chemistry are directed, and so much has already been gained that, in countless cases, we feel little or no interest in an individual compound because its position in a series is so well known that any chemist can describe its preparation and properties with approximate accuracy without effort of memory and without book. Indeed, if the compound has not yet been discovered, it does not matter much, for we know what it must be like and how to prepare it if any one chance to want it.

Such being the position, somewhat crudely defined, of modern organic chemistry, it is evident that theory and classification must form important parts of a complete text-book or treatise. But we are still far, perhaps infinitely far, from the time when the history of single compounds will become unnecessary, and the properties of each be found by the application of a general formula; and meantime every treatise on chemistry, to be of any value, must include a sufficient allowance of individual description. There should, in ordinary language, be a fair balance between theory and practice. Judged by this test, Professor Bernthsen's little text-book must be considered as satisfactory. Its broad division is, as usual, between the open-chain compounds, those in which the carbon atoms are supposed to lie in chains with free ends; and the closed-chain compounds, in which the carbon atoms seem to be disposed in a ring. As examples of the former group, we may mention alcohol, ether, acetic and oxalic acids, the oils, fats, and sugars, while of the other—the members of which have been stated to be more numerous than all the other compounds of chemistry put together—benzene, carbolic acid, and aniline are important members. In each of the great groups a simple and convenient arrangement is adopted, and the theoretical and practical considerations upon which the classification is founded are, for the most part, presented in what may be called inductive order—that is, after some preliminary statements of the facts. Many valuable tables are interspersed in the text, and the book, in spite of its wide range, is clear and simple in style, well printed, and not too large.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

WE are glad to see that Mr. Henderson's valuable handling of the *Casket Letters* has reached a second edition. To this edition the author has prefixed a short reply to some criticisms of his book, especially Mr. Skelton's and our own. Mr. Skelton will, no doubt, rejoice, let us hope with rather more temper than in his previous attempt; for his heat has caught Mr. Henderson a little, and there are signs ominous of wigs on the green. However, as everybody fought about Mary living, it is probably her fate to be a make-bate for ever after her death. As for ourselves, Mr. Skelton, in the criticism before referred to, took us for enemies of Mary, and Mr. Henderson seems to think that we wrote specially in Mary's defence. This looks as if we must have been uncommonly judicial; and, no doubt, we were. In the way of surrebutters, which are rarely interesting to the general reader, we shall only make two points. Mr. Henderson is rather shocked at our irreverent declaration that to the mere word of most of the Scotch nobles of the time (if there is any suspicion of nationality in the matter, let us assure him that, though we think they were a shade better, we do not think the English were more than a shade) we should attach very little weight. Though the hyperbole was designed as a hyperbole, we hold to it. And when Mr. Henderson cites Mar and Glencairn as "men of unblemished honour," we beg leave to observe, first, that Glencairn at least was fanatic enough for anything; secondly, that we have not got the declaration either of Mar or of Glencairn that they were present, but the declaration of Morton that they were—a very different thing—and, thirdly, that even Morton does not distinctly say that Mar and Glencairn personally "sighted" the letters. We do not want to labour this point, but simply to make it. Then Mr. Henderson says that as to Number Two, which we called, and

* *The Casket Letters and Mary Queen of Scots*. By T. F. Henderson. Second edition. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1890.

Mary Queen of Scots. By an Elder of the Church of Scotland. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

call, a "psychological impossibility," as a single work by the same person at one time, "the opinions of the principal historians are entitled to as much respect as Mary's defenders"; after which, though more against Mr. Skelton than against us, he singles out Hume, Mignet, Charles Kingsley, and Mr. Froude as persons "blinded" to the "jumble." We must beg a little help from the printer here. "Hume, Mignet, CHARLES KINGSLEY, and MR. FROUDE"? Of Hume, we shall only say that we do not think he considered the matter in this particular point of view; and of M. Mignet, that, though a most fair-minded historian and master of an excellent literary style himself, we should not call him either a great literary critic (and it should be remembered that literary as well as historical criticism is wanted here) or a particularly subtle student of human nature. But Kingsley and Mr. Froude? One was and one is a man of genius. Both wrote and one writes the most admirable English. But we had thought it unnecessary to discuss the value of Kingsley's historic sense. Does Mr. Henderson remember that, in order to relieve his beloved Elizabeth of implied blame, Kingsley, unconsciously no doubt, wrote of a character of his in 1583 that, "had he lived even thirty years later than he did, he might have written frantic tragedies or filthy comedies for the edification of James's profligate metropolis, and roistered it in taverns with Marlowe, to die as Marlowe did"—the fact being that Marlowe was killed ten years before James came to the throne, and only ten years, instead of thirty, after 1583? Kingsley, an admirable poet, a prose romancer of the very first class, a charming essayist, was simply unable to look at any historical fact except as his sympathies coloured it. And Mr. Froude? We owe Mr. Froude a certain reparation for hard measure of old; we have frequently striven of late years to make it, and we hope that in his case, as in ours, "the animosities" have long shown that they "are mortal." But if we were asked whether Mr. Froude belongs to the class of historians who are advocates or to the class of historians who are judges, we should certainly place him, to use a Gallic figure which is not ungracefully applicable, among the *magistrature debout*, and not among the *magistrature assise*, so that Mr. Henderson's security does not seem to us very good security. But enough of this; we have spoken well of his book as an excellent summary and an ingenious argument on the case before. We repeat it now, and we shall be glad to see him at work again; we need only also repeat that, as critics of some experience both in literature and history, we do not believe Letter Two to be, as it stands and as a whole, even possibly genuine.

With Mr. Henderson, and such as Mr. Henderson, one can enjoy a pleasant give-and-take of argument, though they may vote "Guilty" and we "Not Proven." With the "Elder of the Church of Scotland" we fear argument is not possible. He inscribes (on the reverse of his half-title or dedication) the words, "A pure woman, a faithful wife, a sovereign enlightened beyond the tutors of her age." We do not know much about the tutors of her age—she had no end of tutors at all ages, some very odd ones, and "folly," we fear, was "all they [or some of them] taught" her. Perhaps she was what is called "pure," and she may have been in the very strictest and most technical sense "faithful"; but any one who makes these propositions without an array of guards and provisos half a dozen deep shows that he has simply gone into the question *tête baissée*. Some of us may think that the Casket Letters were forged; the Elder knows they were, and how, when, by whom, and with what materials it was done. Some of us think it doubtful whether Mary was more than naturally sick of and angry at a worthless and faithless husband; the Elder knows that she loved him to the last. Some of us doubt whether her famous visit to Hermitage was more than the escapade of a spirited girl; the Elder knows that it was just an ordinary visit of a Queen "to her Lord-Lieutenant." But it is needless and impossible to go through a good-hearted but hopelessly uncritical book—which, by the way, is prettily printed and illustrated. For a single indication any one may turn to the Elder's dealings with the story of Mary giving a poisoned apple to her child. This story is, beyond all doubt, a stupid as well as infamous lie; but the Elder's arguments against it are fit to make any intelligent Marian cry, "For Heaven's sake hold your tongue!" He asks, among other things, whether apples are ripe in Scotland on the 22nd of April? Did it never occur to the Elder that the apple is a fruit that will keep? This kind of thing has done more harm to Mary Stuart than all the Mortons and Murrays, all the Bothwells and Elizabeths could ever have done. Yet let us leave the Elder in good temper, for one delightful thing he has written. Murray, he says, was "one of her father's *too numerous* illegitimate children." "Too numerous" is lovely. And what, now, would an Elder of the Church of Scotland be thinking just a decent and moderate allowance of illegitimate children for a Red Tod of St. Andrews?

THREE SMALL CHURCH HISTORIES.*

CHURCHMEN have cause to rejoice at the multiplication of small books on the history of the Church of England.

* *Diocesan Histories—Carlisle.* By Richard S. Ferguson, M.A., LL.M., F.S.A., Chancellor of Carlisle. London: S.P.C.K. 1889.

A Story of the Church of England. By I. F. London: S.P.C.K.

Descriptive Lantern Lectures on English Church History. By the Rev. C. Arthur Lane. London: The Church Institution. 1889.

Provided that they are, as is, on the whole, the case with the three volumes before us, of the right sort, the more we get the better. The enemies of the Church have a large armoury from which to select their weapons; for the resources of falsehood and misrepresentation are infinite, and it is the more necessary that Church people of every class should be furnished with means of defence. Above all other means is to be placed a knowledge of the Church's history, which contains an answer to all attacks and a supply of strength sufficient to comfort the despondent and confirm the wavering. We do not assert that it will show that the Church has always been in the right, and still less, that its ministers have always been mindful of their calling; indeed, Mr. Ferguson, in his *Diocesan History of Carlisle*, tells us how, in the district with which he is concerned, the clergy for long periods did not rise above the difficulties of their position, the bishops were generally careless of the sacred duties of their office, and the ecclesiastical system seems to have failed to do much for the improvement of the people. Nevertheless, we are sure that the more Churchmen learn about the history of their Church, the more reason they will see for regarding it with reverence and affection as—to say nothing of other matters—a depository of Apostolical succession—a point which is well presented in the other volume of the publications of the S.P.C.K. now before us—and of Apostolical doctrine, and as bearing a thoroughly national character, which is perhaps the side of its life most prominent in the Rev. C. A. Lane's ingeniously compiled series of *Lantern Lectures*.

Although Mr. Ferguson's history of the diocese of Carlisle contains much noteworthy matter, it is scarcely so interesting as some of the other volumes of the same excellent series. This is, partly at least, to be set down to his subject. The See was miserably poor, and consequently the bishops—of course we are not speaking of quite modern times—were not, as a rule, eminent either as scholars, statesmen, or ecclesiastical reformers. As a centre of Border warfare Carlisle has a stirring history, which has found a sympathetic chronicler in Canon Creighton; and as long as this warfare lasted, it crippled and sometimes almost destroyed Church life in the diocese. Mr. Ferguson, however, does not make the best use of his materials. His volume is somewhat scrappy and ill arranged, and a great deal of space is devoted to matters which lie outside his proper subject; indeed a fourth part of his whole book is concerned with times before the formation of the diocese by Henry I. Details of the Roman invasion of the North and the like are scarcely in their right place in a diocesan history. What he says is good enough, but he should not have said it here. Of the earlier bishops the most notable was John Halton, who did good service to Edward I during his Scottish wars. These wars made Carlisle a place of first-rate military importance, and its bishops were often fully occupied in the defence of their city and diocese, which were terribly impoverished by the raids of the Scots. In 1337 Bishop Kirby, a valiant prelate who led his men in person against the invaders, declared that he could collect no tenths, for all the clergy had fled. From the sixteenth century onwards Mr. Ferguson has a good deal to tell us about the diocese which is well worth reading. It is evident that the poverty of the Church in Cumberland hindered its recovery from the effects of the violent changes brought about by Henry VIII and by the Reforming nobles of the next reign. A letter from Bishop Snowden to James I gives a curious picture of the backward state of his diocese, and a few years later Bishop Potter complained that the "wretched stipends attached to most of the benefices obliged him to admit mean scholars to the diaconate." As late as the reign of George II, the Cumberland chapels were served by unordained readers, one of whom is described as "clogger, tailor, and butter-print-maker." We have an interesting notice of that "celebrated, learned, and very busy prelate," Nicolson, the author of *The English Historical Library*, who had some violent quarrels with certain members of the Chapter, and struggled hard to prevent Atterbury from obtaining the deanery. Although good use is made of Chancellor Waugh's notes on the condition of the diocese, and we are told that he organized a "corps of guides" for the Duke of Cumberland, we scarcely hear enough about his doings, and no mention is made of the surrender of Carlisle to Prince Charles Edward, of the Prince's appointment of the Roman Catholic priest Cappock to the bishopric, or of the desecration of the cathedral by Cumberland. Far too little also is said about the fabric of the cathedral and its history. Mr. Ferguson accounts for this omission by alleging want of space, but he could easily have made room for all that was required by cutting out his disquisition on Roman and British remains. Two misprints should be noticed—Richard Gilpin can scarcely have refused the bishopric in 1660, "because he could by no means be wrought upon to sign the Solemn League and Covenant," and the name of the patron of Nicolson, afterwards bishop, is given as Sir Joseph William, instead of Williamson.

In *A Story of the Church of England* the author, who is, we presume, a lady, gives a simple narrative of English Church history down to the time of Wycliffe, in the form of conversations between the librarian of an Institute, his cousin, a country blacksmith, and the blacksmith's little daughter. Her device is clumsy; no blacksmith ever talked like George Turner, who always asks the most pertinent questions, and starts his instructor on a fresh discourse by saying, "We got to the British bishops at the Council of Arles, year 314. What next?" The book appears to be intended for working people; but it is scarcely likely to attract

them. This is a pity; for it contains a great deal of sound information on matters about which it is important that every one should know the truth. It is possible that the author's method of treatment may lead to some confusion between the British Church and the Church of England; though, on the other side, the blacksmith is taught to believe that "the Britons who survived the Conquest fled away into Wales and Cornwall." Some revision is needed at p. 170, where the Houses of Convocation are oddly described as an "estate of the realm." Lectures on Church history, illustrated by the help of "photographic lantern transparencies," will probably be found more popular with working people than the conversations between the librarian and the blacksmith. Mr. Lane, who has during the last four years lectured for the Church Defence Institution, has shown considerable skill in composing a series of ten lectures, in each of which some fifty "lantern pictures" are explained, without any, or with very few, awkward breaks in the thread of the discourse. We hope that many clergymen will hire the sets of slides described here, and will, with the help of this little book, give some evening entertainments to their parishioners. If they adopt Mr. Lane's lectures, or make out others on his lines, they will probably find that their efforts will not fail to produce excellent results. The lectures are generally accurate; but Mr. Lane should correct some of his statements about Edwy and Dunstan.

DECLARATION OF WAR.*

ANY one who shall take up this gaudily-bound and sensational volume, naturally supposing it to be a treatise upon the formalities proper to be observed before the commencement of hostilities, is destined to be disappointed. On opening the book he will find nothing that recalls the monographs of Mr. Ward and Colonel Maurice on "Declaration of War," but may gain from an obscurely worded second title some inkling of the real character of what is in store for him. In plain language, Mr. Owen thinks that this country may some day be at war again, and that business men may wish to know how their operations would be affected by such an event. This idea is, however, shadowed forth in a cloud of words, producing on the mind an effect somewhat above or below that of ordinary articulate speech. Our author is dissatisfied, on the one hand, with books upon International Law, as being both too theoretical and too political; and, on the other hand, with books upon shipping and insurance, because they "deal with these important subjects as a whole, and naturally do not class by themselves questions in connexion with the subject of warlike exigencies." He accordingly proposes to himself to produce a single work in which "the three important considerations"—law of nations, shipping, and marine insurance—shall be "treated collectively"; and adds:—"It is not solely the condition, but almost as much the rumour of war, which emphasizes the need of a work of the above comprehensive kind."

Following the mythical precedent of the writer who compiled his treatise upon "Chinese Metaphysics," Mr. Owen seems to have equipped himself for his enterprise by consulting three or four works upon international law, and as many upon shipping and marine insurance. After mixing together the results derived from these various sources, he sorted them into fourteen parcels, or "Parts." The mighty maze of the book is, therefore, not without a plan. Parts I. to VIII., occupying 385, out of 438, pages, deal with topics of international law, fearfully and wonderfully selected, to each of which is, in most cases, appended a note on "The relative law of marine insurance." In Parts IX. to XIII. Mr. Owen breaks loose from the guidance of international law, and works up, though for some unexplained reason in smaller type, material commonly found in works specifically devoted to shipping and insurance. In Part XIV. he reverts to international law so far as to deal with "Piracy"; adding, as in the earlier Parts, a note on insurance. All this is somewhat appalling; and the author, though of opinion that the nature of his system will sufficiently appear on a reference to the table of contents, has some misgivings that "a perusal of these pages will not necessarily be preceded by such a reference." He accordingly provides a special chapter headed "Explanatory," in which, by a lavish use of Roman numerals, leaded type, and wide margins, he has succeeded in convincing us of his inability to make clear, even to his own mind, the relations of the various branches of the subject which he has undertaken to expound. His method takes him backwards and forwards over the same ground, dissociating matters which should be kept together, and combining matters which ought to be kept apart. The legal effects of war upon commerce are sufficiently complex without being thus worse confounded. They may be explained either from the point of view of the international lawyer, and classified accordingly, or as chapters in the municipal law of sale, insurance, and affreightment. With law of the latter kind Mr. Owen appears to be familiar. Had he not unfortunately attempted to combine two incompatible methods, and strayed into

the literature of the Law of Nations without a clue to its intricacies, he might possibly have succeeded in expanding into a convenient handbook information which is to be found scattered up and down in the standard treatises of MacLachlan and Arnould.

THE EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.*

WITH the exception of the gossip contributions of William Henry Pyne, still valuable, but of course now thoroughly antiquated, we know of no work which covers exactly the same ground as this volume of Mr. Monkhouse's. We are glad to welcome one of the soundest and most careful of living art-critics back to the field in which he won some of his first successes. It is eleven years ago since, in reviewing Mr. Monkhouse's *Life of Turner*, we drew particular attention to the manner in which he summarized the work of the English water-colour painters who preceded Turner. No happier sketch of the qualities which distinguished Girtin from Cozens and Edridge from Glover had then been produced in English art-literature, and since 1879 no writer has intercepted the fuller and more leisurely picture which Mr. Monkhouse, now speaking with more authority than he did then, gives us of the early masters of water-colour. His new volume, with its sound criticism and display of solid knowledge, will be absolutely invaluable to the collector.

The earliest of English painters in water-colours seems to have been a certain William Taverner, whom Smollett praises in *Humphrey Clinker*. According to the common accounts, he worked in body-colour, in the Italian manner; but Mr. Monkhouse describes a view from Richmond Hill executed by Taverner, in the late Dr. Percy's collection, which is in transparent colours. More than one important specimen of Taverner's work belonged to Paul Sandby, of whose genius he is a kind of harbinger. The personal history of Taverner is, however, very obscure. Redgrave says that he was "the author of two plays, *The Maid the Mistress*, 1732, and *The Artful Husband*, 1735." There is evidently some confusion here. A William Taverner, author not of two only, but of eight plays, produced a rather successful comedy of *The Maid the Mistress* in 1708, while *The Artful Husband* is of 1716. This dramatist, therefore, can scarcely be William Taverner the water-colour painter, who was born, by all accounts, in 1703, and died in 1772. There is also a Jeremiah Taverner, a Georgian portrait-painter, who needs to be identified, and Mr. Monkhouse may perhaps be induced to spend a little research in clearing up the tangled record of the Taverners.

From the dawn of water-colour in England under the Sandbys we pass, with brief notice of Barrett, Gainsborough, and De Loutherberg, to John Robert Cozens, who did more than any one else in his age to develop the art of water-colour and lead it into new paths. Of Cozens Mr. Monkhouse has always been a consistent admirer, and he writes of him here with remarkable eloquence. He claims for his drawings of 1776 a place in the history of landscape-painting of all time. "Cozens' drawings," he says, "show no sense of effort, his powers seem to have risen spontaneously to each occasion; the prime difficulty of scale and proportion in dealing with enormous altitudes and vast masses, of which but a small portion is seen, does not seem to have troubled him. His mountains look their height, and suggest their bulk and weight." It is painful to think that before he was forty the mind of this man of most original and poetical genius became unhinged, and that the cloud of insanity fell never to be lifted. His Italian drawings are masterly in the extreme. Mr. Monkhouse gives a full-page photo of one of the most characteristic of them, the "Castle Gandolfo." Cozens takes his place in the great revival of the spirit of nature in the eighteenth century, and has not a little in common with the Thomson of the *Castle of Indolence*.

After Cozens, the next prominent name is that of the elegant and dexterous Hearne. He is surrounded, in Mr. Monkhouse's careful narrative, by a cloud of satellites, through whom we push to reach the early days of Girtin and of Turner, artists whose first training seems to have been as nearly as possible identical, although the character of their natures and of their talents was so completely distinct. With the premature death of Girtin, at the age of twenty-nine, in 1802, the older school of water-colour ended, and Turner in his future work turned in a totally new direction and aimed at fresh ideals. Those who are familiar with what Mr. Monkhouse has said elsewhere about Turner will be prepared for the criticism which is here given to his work. It appears to us that the writer hits with admirable skill a point midway between the exaggerated ingenuity and fulsome praise of Mr. Ruskin on the one hand, and the crude censure of certain hasty modern critics on the other hand. He writes of Turner with that respect which every responsible critic must give to an artist who has supplied to refined and acute amateurs so much and so intense pleasure, without being blinded to his errors of judgment or to his executive shortcomings. That Mr. Monkhouse is by no means the slave of Mr. Ruskin's eccentricity is to be seen, among other instances, in his dignified reproof administered to Mr. Ruskin's frivolous sneers at the pure and fine work of Bonington.

When Turner is at length dismissed, we reach the delightful

* *Declaration of War: a Survey of the Position of Belligerents and Neutrals, with relative Considerations of Shipping and Marine Insurance during War.* By Douglas Owen, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Secretary of the Alliance Marine Assurance Company, &c. London: Stevens & Sons. 1889.

* *The Early English Water-Colour Painters.* By Cosmo Monkhouse. London: Seeley & Co.

painters of the Norwich school. Here, we think, our critic is the victim of a temporary fit of languor. He positively dismisses John Crome in half-a-dozen lines, and of Cotman, of whom he speaks, indeed, at length, what he says has an uncertain note and might with advantage be made more direct and more emphatic. The name of George Vincent, whose marine drawings and groups of shipping are so charming in their harmonies of luminous grey tones, is not to be found, we think, anywhere in this volume, where talents so much smaller than his are duly chronicled. The later pupils of Crome, perhaps, were considered as flourishing too late to be included among the early English water-colour painters, but James Stark should scarcely have been neglected. We must not follow our author any further, although much of what he says of Edridge and of Prout, of Copley Fielding and of William Hunt, of John Varley and of David Cox, tempts us to delay. Everywhere we meet with wise judgments and wholesome sentiments, as where we read :—

It would be well, perhaps, for the art of England, and for many fashionable artists of the present day, if they were compelled by comparative neglect to live in such comparative poverty as David Cox. Fortunately he was never tempted to flood the market with inferior replicas of *The Vale of Clwyd* and *The Skylark*, but put forth new effort and thought into every sketch till the end.

It is curious to learn that there is no evidence that David Cox ever received so much as 100*l.* for any one of those works which since his death have fetched such huge prices.

One word respecting the illustrations to this work. Fourteen full-page copper-plates, chiefly from etchings and original drawings, are reproduced in the Dawson process of photogravure. Of these the most successful are those which are taken from the drawing itself; the "Bettws-y-Coed" of David Cox, facing p. 134, is a particularly favourable example. The minor illustrations are done in some other description of "process," apparently on wood, and, while escaping the nasty blackness of most recent illustrations of this kind, they are apt to be somewhat dim and ineffectual. At the worst, however, they are better than nothing, which is more than can always be said of such adornments, and we suppose that the gain in cheapness is so great that we must not criticize the shortcomings of the result too harshly.

MATHEMATICAL TEXT-BOOKS.*

ABOUT three years ago we noticed with some special favour the first part of Professor Chrystal's *Algebra*, pointing out that its appearance was really indicative of a new departure in treating higher branches of the subject. The second part fully bears out our anticipations, and must largely assist the advancement of mathematical learning among the rising generation of students. Its "main object," to use the author's phrase, is obviously a thorough discussion of those parts of algebra which form (to use Euler's title) an *Introductio in Analysis Infinitorum*. Professor Chrystal deprecates the practice of differentiation and integration before the preliminary notions of "limit" and "infinite series" are clearly conceived and firmly grasped. Working on the lines of Cauchy, Riemann, Weierstrass, and others, he now presents us with chapters on Inequalities, Limits, and Convergence of Series, which form admirable stepping-stones towards an intelligent mastery of the Infinitesimal Calculus. In chapters xxix. and xxx. there occurs an innovation, though a defensible one. When illustrating the application of the modern theory of functions, the circular and hyperbolic ones fall naturally to be considered, and thus many theorems and conclusions are dealt with which have hitherto been relegated by English writers to works under the title of Analytical Trigonometry. In that connexion we find a full and clear discussion of the "reversion of series" and "expansion in power-series of an algebraic function." The subject

* *Algebra: an Elementary Text-Book for the Higher Classes of Secondary Schools and for Colleges.* By G. Chrystal, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Mathematics. Part II. Edinburgh: Black.

Solutions of all the Examples in a Treatise on Algebra. By C. Smith, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

Elementary Algebra. By R. Graham, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

Treatise on Elementary Algebra. By Saradaranjan Ray, M.A. Vol. II. Calcutta: Lahiri.

Companion to Hamblin Smith's Algebra. By W. F. Pelton, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

Syllabus of Modern Plane Geometry. A.I.G.T. London: Macmillan & Co.

Analytical Geometry of the Straight Line and Circle. By D. Munn, F.R.S.E. London: Rivingtons.

Treatise of Trigonometry. By W. E. Johnson, M.A. London: Macmillan.

The Student's Plane Trigonometry: A Comprehensive Manual for the Use of Schools, Colleges, and Private Students. By Thomas Roney. London: Allen.

A Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry and its Application to Geodesy and Astronomy. By John Casey, LL.D., F.R.S. Dublin: Hodges.

Practical Plane and Solid Geometry; Scales and Pattern-Drawing. By J. S. Rawle. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Arithmetical Exercises and Examination Papers. By H. S. Hall, M.A., and S. R. Knight, B.A. London: Macmillan.

Arithmetic for Beginners. By the Rev. J. B. Lock, M.A. London: Macmillan.

A Course of Examples in Elementary Arithmetic. By J. Proctor Carter, M.A., and K. Coxe Radcliffe, M.A. Eton: Drake.

Practical Photometry. By W. J. Dibdin, M.I.C., &c. London: King.

of probability shows some freshness of treatment, with considerable improvement in the methods, and an application of the principles to actuarial calculation. In this algebra there is excellent store of examples for practice; the chief fault we discover is that no index of subjects is appended.

We have now an excellent companion volume to Mr. Charles Smith's *Treatise on Algebra*. It will prove useful to those who wish to compare different modes of solving problems or who find themselves occasionally baffled.

Three smaller works require a shorter notice. Mr. Graham's work is neatly written, and has a good chapter on factors; but there seems something incongruous in using the theory of equations to solve a simultaneous set of the first degree, and before even quadratics are yet in sight. Exception may also be taken to a proof of the binomial theorem depending on the equation of two series with indeterminate coefficients. Mr. Ray's work is a continuation of the volume formerly noticed, and evinces skill in the use of algebraic artifices, with some good alternative proofs of the usual theorems. Mr. Pelton's worked examples and his notes and illustrations seem to prove that, instead of merely subsidizing an existing well-known text-book, he might well have written a new work on algebra.

Mr. Milne, whose *Weekly Problem Papers* and their valuable companion volume have already passed under notice, now issues, in thirty-two pages, a digest of the geometrical instruction which is at present in vogue amongst some good mathematicians. The abstract is obviously a supplement to the "Syllabus" formerly printed by the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching; and treats *inter alia* of anti-parallels, symmedian lines, Brocard points, Tucker circles, complete quadrangles, reciprocal polars, and other terms familiar to the modern geometer, and to him only. Mr. Munn's work will compare favourably with any competitor of the same range for neatness, accuracy, and fulness. We note only two errors, pp. 71 and 227, evidently typographical. We hope to see the author take up the general quadratic equation in a second volume, and deal with conics proper as clearly and exhaustively, yet concisely, as he here does with straight lines and circles.

Three new books on trigonometry reach us, notwithstanding the long line of their predecessors. Mr. W. E. Johnson's work contains some interesting digressions into geometry and algebra, just as the algebraic text-book reviewed above contains much matter which former mathematicians would have reserved for a book on analytical trigonometry. Nearly all the recent developments of "modern geometry" are touched upon, and under the analytical digressions we find a complete proof of the binomial theorem, theorems on the convergency of series, and a discussion of imaginaries. In the last chapter there is an interpretation of the square root of -1, in order to harmonize Argand's point of view with that adopted by the inventor of quaternions. Mr. Roney devotes a whole chapter—ten pages—to the relation between the centesimal division of a right angle and its sexagesimal or ordinary division—a work of supererogation, as we have repeatedly shown. Some other parts of the subject are treated with similar fulness, if not diffuseness; but the book as a whole furnishes much good material for class instruction. A new geometrical proof of the "fundamental formulae" is given, and many of the tabulated results seem to form a praiseworthy feature. At the end nearly all the difficult questions are solved, or have hints of solution given. The logarithmic base implied by the reasoning of Napier (since the modern conception of base was not then formally known) is really the reciprocal of that assigned to him by Mr. Roney. The *Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry* by Dr. Casey is one that has for a considerable time been wanted, and cannot fail to be favourably appreciated by advanced students. There is much new matter, clearly and succinctly arranged, relieved by occasional historical notes of the kind now common to the best books. Napier's analogies, Delambre's analogies, Reidt's analogies, Girard's theorem, Lhuillier's theorem, Breitschneider's analogies, isotomic and isogonal conjugates and transversals, inversions in space, stereographic projection—these are some of the topics clearly discussed and fully illustrated. Much of the modern extensions of spherical trigonometry is derived from Crell's Journal and the *Nouvelles annales de mathématiques*.

A new and enlarged edition of a manual used in the Science and Art Department appears to be greatly improved. It is well suited for the training of architectural draughtsmen and others interested in technical instruction.

We have three elementary books in arithmetic. The first comprises eighty progressive miscellaneous exercises of eight questions each; followed by fifty papers set at recent examinations and a good appendix of two hundred questions in logarithms and mensuration. Mr. Lock's book seems most suitable for commercial arithmetic; it is well arranged. The third of the works referred to is designed for the use of the lower forms at Eton; it gives the answers to all except the miscellaneous examples, seven hundred in number, and a second edition, if called for, should, in our opinion, allow the boys these also.

Those interested in the art of photometry, with all the recent developments, have a useful treatise in Mr. Dibdin's practical work. It deals not only with the methods of measuring the intensity of light, but with "colour photometry" and "stellar photometry." Amongst topics discussed we note Bunsen's disc and others, photometers of many sorts, Helmholtz's methods of investigating colours, and the various stellar photometers.

LES ATTENTATS À L'HONNEUR.*

WE are informed and believe that M. Emile Worms is a very learned person. He has now published a book dealing with the relation of positive law to wrongs consisting wholly or chiefly in insult. So far as we can collect his general purpose, he thinks that the law of France and of most Continental countries is inadequate, and he would like to see the definition of criminal libel (to use our English term) so far extended as to leave no reasonable excuse for duelling. But we are free to confess that we find it a physical impossibility to give a critical account of the book. Before we had got through forty pages we came upon this sentence (it purports to represent the opinion of a learned German):—"Il n'y a à devoir encourir de peine que l'Unrecht au regard duquel la peine s'affirme précisément comme le moyen le plus propre à déterminer un effet contraire." Here is, indeed, a new and terrible victory of Germany over not only France, but the French language. We have read in strange tongues at times, but now we stand helpless. German can be tough; but, if we must read it, we prefer to read it in German. If M. Worms will lock up his German books for five years, and then rewrite his work in French, we will try again. He might spend part of the time in making himself acquainted, partly for example and partly for warning, with the rich and elaborate materials for a comparative and historical study of his subject which the English law of libel would afford him, materials of which he does not appear so much as to suspect the existence. And, if we might hear no more of *Unrecht* and *Ehreverletzung*, we would gladly leave it to French critics to object to such terms as *correctionnaliser*. Is it worth the price of such a verb to be able to say "make punishable on summary conviction" all in one word? Some Frenchmen might say no. We presume not to decide. But the wholesale Germanizing of French prose is altogether too much for us. We cannot relieve our feelings about it by anything less than that sumptuously redundant and ultra-Gallic form of the subjunctive which George Sand took down from a rustic purist. *Nous voudrions qu'on le correctionnalisigit.*

ENGLISH LANDS, LETTERS, AND KINGS.†

A CAREFUL study of Mr. Mitchell's prettily printed little volume will reveal many things to the reader, while keeping one point of apparent importance a profound secret. He will seek in vain to know why the book should ever have been printed and, above all, why it should have been printed here. It is, too, set up in America, and struck off in England from plates or otherwise, though we have not noticed any worse horrors of Transatlantic spelling than "color." The author is evidently well pleased with his work, and has accepted literally the flattery of the friends who advised him to publish it. So far we can understand his position. He has delivered lectures—or, as he prefers to call them, "talks"—somewhere in his native country, during the past few years, to "a bevy of friends." The presence of strangers at some of these lectures seems to have overcome his prudence. "The interest," he says, "of a few outsiders who have come to the hearings has induced me to put the matter in type." This is scarcely a sufficient excuse, but it is all we are offered. True, Mr. Mitchell apologizes for the awkwardness of his position, surrounded as he is by the scholarly acuteness and great range of recent authorities, and by the number of specialists in each branch of his subject. But he is not deterred nevertheless, and we may, if we are interested in the personality and idiosyncrasy of Mr. Mitchell, study and weigh his views and opinions on many subjects; at the same time, it is to be feared, constantly asking ourselves the question with which we began, and still failing to find any adequate reason why these lectures should have been given to a wider world than that of "a bevy of friends," or of "a few outsiders." The book ranges from Celtic literature, of which our author plainly confesses an almost total ignorance, referring his reader to Matthew Arnold, through Cædmon, past Bede, of whom we have a curiously limited notice, down to Geoffrey of Monmouth, Wyclif, Chaucer, and so on, to the great Elizabethan poets and dramatists, the notices of Shakespeare being kept within moderate bounds, and greater prominence given to many contemporary writers. The volume ends with the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There are few omissions of importance—though, indeed, we are never told that Bede was, above all things, an historian—and the author touches lightly, and sometimes brightly, on a goodly number of great names, without much critical insight, and with nothing like originality either in observation or research. There are, we regret to say, many duller books of the kind on our shelves; but, we must add, few to which we could not refer with a better hope of finding something worth reading. Mr. Mitchell's most salient fault is a certain flippancy which, as it is never amusing, becomes first tiresome and eventually offensive. He professes great admiration for the work of the late Mr. Green, and it is a pity before he gave his book to the world he had not spent some of Mr. Green's pains with the composition of sentences. By the way, he speaks of

that brilliant writer as "the young historian, who," &c.; but Green was considerably over fifty at the time of his death, a fact which, though it might not make him old, certainly does not entitle him to the adjective "young."

We note a good many minor errors. Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Schreiber, the translator of the *Mabinogion*, has "*née Guest*" appended to her name. There is a notice at one place of Chaucer's coat of arms, which consists, we are told, of "parti-coloured bars." There are no "bars" on the well-known Chaucer shield. Dame Juliana Barnes was never "supposed" Abbess of Sopwell. Sopwell was a priory, not an abbey, and Juliana may perhaps have been nun there. In the notes on King Alfred we have this curious sentence:—"He is oppressed by the pall of ignorance that lays over that lordly reach of his kingdom." As an example of the flippant manner of which we have ventured to complain, we may take the notice of Alfred's father, who "relieves the tedium of travel by marrying the twelve-year-old daughter of Charles the Bald of France"; on this Mr. Mitchell adds, "Those were times of extraordinary daring." There are several blemishes of this kind to be found in Mr. Mitchell's pages; but they are not worth noticing in full. The author's aim has probably been fulfilled; he has with considerable discrimination packed brief notices of a great number of eminent English writers into a brief space, and has successfully placed each of them under the proper sovereign, and surrounded him with the appropriate companions. There are, unfortunately, a great many other books which do as much for the student, and not a few of them are, like Mr. Mitchell's, of American origin. Yet we must not let Mr. Mitchell assume that he is right in supposing that Englishmen care less than Americans about the associations, literary and historical, of their own country. He adduces no kind of proof to support this belief. If "Londoners pass Bolt Court, Fleet Street, and Dr. Johnson's tavern a hundred times a year, with no thought but of the chops and the Barclay's ale to be had there"—this sentence is not an unfair specimen of Mr. Mitchell's style—that is no reason that each of them was not duly impressed the first time he passed it, and perhaps often again. An American clerk in London is not a whit more sentimental in such matters, when once the newness has worn off, than "his cousins the Britishers," as Mr. Mitchell elegantly terms them.

PESTALOZZI.*

PESTALOZZI; his Life and Work, is a biography of a kind rarely met with in our modern times. Whatever may have been the educational value of his system, there can be no question about the worth of the man. His whole life seems to have been one long lesson in self-denial, beginning with the day when his father died at the "Black Horn" at Zürich, and left his children almost penniless. The child, Henry, had before him a noble example of disinterestedness. His father on his death-bed sent for Babeli, the servant, and said to her, "Babeli, for the love of God and all his mercies, do not forsake my wife. What will become of her after my death? My children will fall into the hands of strangers, and their lot will be hard. Without your help she cannot possibly keep her children with her." Her noble, simple heart was touched, and her soul accepted the sacrifice. "If you die," she said, "I will not forsake your wife, but will remain with her, if needs be till death." She kept her word, for she stayed with my mother till she died, helping her to bring up her children under the most painful and difficult circumstances imaginable, showing in this work of patient devotion a tact and delicacy which were the more astonishing seeing that she was entirely without education. Her fidelity and dignity of manner were a result of her piety and simple faith. However painful the conscientious fulfilment of her promise may sometimes have been, it never once occurred to her that she could break it.

She was not, however, the only teacher of self-restraint and frugality whom little Henry Pestalozzi met with. One day, having by some rare good luck a few pence in his pocket, he was tempted by the good things in the confectioner's window near his home, and went in to buy some. But the little girl who was minding the shop refused to sell him anything, and advised him to keep his money until he could make a better use of it. She who gave him this excellent piece of advice afterwards became his wife, and remained his good angel until her death.

Thus Pestalozzi passed his childhood "in an atmosphere of love, devotion, peace, of rigid economy and noble generosity." When a student at the then very celebrated University of Zürich he became thoroughly imbued with the vague teaching of J. J. Rousseau about "a return to Nature in all things," and all the aspirations for a better state of things, which eventually found their expression in the formula, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Yet Pestalozzi was no politician. After an abortive attempt to study law he settled down on a farm with his Anna, and determined to begin a revolution in agriculture. A son was born to him; he tried to bring him up on the principles of Rousseau's *Emile*; but, finding constant difficulties in reducing these theories to practice, he little by little struck out a new method—his own.

* *Les attentats à l'honneur: diffamation, injures, outrages, adultère, duel, lois sur la presse, etc.* Par Emile Worms. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1890.

† *English Lands, Letters, and Kings.* By Donald P. Mitchell. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

* *Pestalozzi; his Life and Work.* By Roger de Guimps. Authorized Translation from the Second French Edition, by J. Russell, B.A., Assistant Master in University College School, London. With an Introduction by the Rev. R. H. Quick, M.A., and a Frontispiece Portrait. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

On the failure of his farm, he, with a sublime disdain for the principles of household economy, took in twenty-five orphan children to educate with his own child, and fed them on potatoes—"giving them," says an eye-witness, "the best ones, and keeping the worst for himself." With the aid of a little bread, he found that he could keep them alive; but the experiment failed, though he appealed, not in vain, to the public for funds. In 1780, however, he had to give it up, being then "without food, fuel, or money, and suffering from cold and want." Once again in that bitterest hour a poor servant woman helped him. Elizabeth Naeff, though she only knew Pestalozzi through having been in the service of one of his relations, now came to his assistance, set his house in order, dug his garden with her own hands, and "furnished him with a type for the character of the brave, active, clever, gentle, and devoted woman in the novel which he was then writing, *Leonard and Gertrude*, in which his educational and other theories were set forth. We must add that Elizabeth, after nursing Pestalozzi's poor sickly child through his last illness, married a disciple, Krusi, the brother of Pestalozzi's indefatigable colleague, and from 1805 filled the post of house-keeper at Yverdun, where she was a general favourite with the pupils.

We have mentioned *Leonard and Gertrude*. Probably few English people nowadays are aware of the sensation which this and some other works of Pestalozzi produced. For example, when the battle of Jena laid the Prussian monarchy in the dust, Frederick William III. determined to enable his people to recover their position by paying the greatest possible attention to their education. At the same period we read in the Diary of Queen Louise:—"I am reading *Leonard and Gertrude*, and enjoy transporting myself to this Swiss village. If I were my own mistress I should at once go to Switzerland and see Pestalozzi. Would that I could take his hand, and that he might read my gratitude in my eyes! With what kindness and ardour he works for the good of his fellow-men! Yes, in the name of humanity, I thank him with my whole heart."

The French Revolution brought Pestalozzi his opportunity. Hitherto he had been regarded as a revolutionary, a dreamer, foolish if not dangerous; now he was respectfully addressed as "Citizen Pestalozzi," and intrusted first with a school at Stanz, and next with what was called "The Institute" at Burgdorf. Here, and subsequently at Yverdun, he had an opportunity of showing the world what was meant by his system, which was almost immediately adopted in most parts of Germany, more especially in Prussia, owing to the eloquent advocacy of Fichte. The Institute failed; not, we believe, on account of any defect in the system, but rather because Pestalozzi himself was singularly deficient in organizing power, and was entirely without practical knowledge of the world. At Yverdun, for instance, the masters received no payment in money. The money received from the pupils was kept in Pestalozzi's room, and all the masters had access to it, so that if one of them wanted a coat or a pair of boots, he just took what he needed. This state of things lasted nearly a year. It was almost a return to the communism of the early Christians. We believe, however, that much of Pestalozzi's success with children was due to his unworldly character. His temper seems to have remained unsoured by his trials, and, when reproached with being still somewhat of a child, he replied:—

I hope to remain so even to the grave; it is so pleasant to be still a child, to believe, to trust, to love, to be sorry for your mistakes and folly, to be better and simpler than knaves and rogues, and at last, by their very wickedness, wiser. It is pleasant to think nothing but good of men, in spite of all you see and hear, &c.

Perfectly unselfish, Pestalozzi lived and died a martyr to the cause of education. Another theorist, Bell, came from England to visit the Institute, and found their respective systems not very unlike—the results, however, in Bell's case were an income of some 2,000*l.* a year, while Pestalozzi wrote in 1800:—

For thirty years my life has been a well-nigh hopeless struggle against poverty. For thirty years I have had to forego many of the barest necessities of life, and have had to shun the society of my fellow-men from sheer lack of decent clothes. Many and many a time have I gone without a dinner, and eaten in bitterness a dry crust on the road, at a time when even the poorest were seated round a table. All this have I suffered, and am suffering to-day, with no other object than the realization of my plans for helping the poor.

Pestalozzi lived and died a martyr to this cause. One cannot help admiring his life, and feeling an idyllic charm about it which causes one to grieve over its piteous close. For tracing the squabbles which ruined the Institute at Yverdun we have no heart. "All for others, nothing for himself," was the inscription which "grateful Aargau" placed upon his tomb, and it most fitly sums up his self-sacrificing character.

Of all modern theories of elementary education, that which Pestalozzi declared to be founded on Nature seems to us to have been the most artificial. That it has in some instances produced remarkable results, more especially in infant schools, cannot be denied; but, nevertheless, it has had to undergo very important modifications before it could be practically accepted. For instance, though many schools on the Continent still declare that they carry out Pestalozzi's theory, none of them, we imagine, goes so far in its master's footsteps as to dispense with the use of books; and, indeed, we imagine that the absence of books in Pestalozzi's schools was in the first instance due rather to poverty

than to the influence of J. J. Rousseau's educational theories as set forth in *Emile* and elsewhere, or to an endeavour to bring back that golden age "when wild in woods the noble savage ran," which had such a strange attraction for advanced thinkers during the period which preceded the French Revolution. In most schools of Pestalozzi's time, and indeed in most schools everywhere nowadays, little attention is paid to whether the pupil understands all that he learns, provided that he learns his appointed task. He commits to memory what are to him entirely unintelligible symbols, of which experience will some day enable him to discover the meaning. In the East at the present day, when an Arab boy is to be taught Persian, or vice versa, the teacher contents himself with making his pupil learn so many lines of Persian poetry by heart, day after day, until at last, when he has acquired a considerable store of words, their meaning begins to dawn upon him, and he begins to reap the fruits of what at first had appeared to him to be meaningless drudgery. Pestalozzi's method had nothing in common with this. He endeavoured to interest children in their studies from the outset, and never expected them to learn anything without, as far as he was able, pointing out to them what it meant. In teaching reading, for example, he would take some simple combination of letters, like *ba*, and show how, by the addition of another syllable, such as *ba by* or *ba salt*, it might be made into a word. At Burgdorf, he tells us,

I once more began crying my ABC from morning till night, following without any plan the empirical method interrupted at Stanz. I was infatigable in putting syllables together and arranging them in a graduated series. I did the same for numbers. I filled whole note-books with them. I sought by every means to simplify the elements of reading and arithmetic, and, by grouping them psychologically, enable the child to pass easily and surely from the first step to the second, from the second to the third, and so on. The pupils no longer drew letters on their slates, but lines, curves, and angles.

There is no time of life during which the memory is so powerful as in childhood. Consequently many persons interested in elementary education, especially the education of the children of the poorest class, observing how short the time necessarily is which these children pass at school, think that none of this precious season should be wasted on explanations, amusing lessons, and so forth, but that, as the child will have no other chance of learning during its whole life, it should have as much solid knowledge driven into it during school-life as its head can possibly contain. Many, however, are inclined to take another view, much more nearly akin to that of Pestalozzi, and declare that, as school-time is so short, it is a mistake to try to do more in it than to place the child as far as possible in a position to teach himself when he leaves school. They assure us that the pressing need of schools is books containing amusing stories, such as will attract the children's attention, and cause them to take an interest in their reading lesson—to teach them, in short, that they can find pleasure in books, and that a lesson-book need not necessarily be repulsive. Teachers and school managers of this latter type will have nothing to say to the "moral tales, combining amusement with instruction," with which "Sam Weller" and the "Shepherd" were familiar, and from which such great results were expected by the last generation. The great object of elementary instruction in our National schools is to enable a child to read with ease, and to be fond of reading for its own sake, so that he will have no difficulty in acquiring "facts," as "Mr. Gradgrind" called them, or special information of any kind, in after life. Whether the Pestalozzian system really enabled children to read sooner than the traditional one we are not able to say. The present method partakes so far of Pestalozzi's that all the children repeat sentences in unison after their master, but we think that one of the faults of the Swiss system was shown distinctly during the Burgdorf experiment, when much difficulty and friction resulted, we are told, from children joining the school at various times and various ages; the system requiring, apparently, in order to ensure success, that children should march in one body through this new road to learning from one end to the other, without taking up by the wayside comrades who had left the first part untraversed. Another of the Burgdorf difficulties arose from the fact that new pupils who had already learned somewhat were inclined to resent being treated as little children, as they imagined themselves to be, by Pestalozzi's system. There is a great deal of human nature in children, and they dislike being talked or written down to as much as "grown-ups"; indeed, the publication of "reading-books" suitable for infants, printed in large type, and with the syllables divided, has proved a failure in this country, because children despise them as being "only fit for babies." We think, therefore, that Pestalozzi's system appears from experience to be best suited to very young children, and to the children of people of simple rustic habits. With pupils of this class it has undeniably, in some instances, achieved remarkable success; but its complexity, and the strain which it puts upon the teacher, have caused it to become practically obsolete. "Pestalozzi's method," says his admiring biographer, "is spirit and life, and before we can apply it we must be inspired with this spirit and this life; his work cannot be carried on by a mere stereotyped imitation of his procedure."

[March 29, 1890.]

MORE ABOUT ASTRONOMY.*

AS a compiling and computing astronomer Mr. Gore has done much excellent work. His catalogues of variable stars have for some years been indispensable to observers in that line; and a greater number of stellar orbits are due to him than to any other single investigator, excepting only Dr. Doberck. Favourably known, too, as a writer through his *Planetary and Stellar Studies*, he now presents to the public a work, unpretending, indeed, in style, and limited in scope, yet not devoid of organic unity. In the sense, be it understood, that the whole ground of descriptive astronomy—solar, planetary, cometary, and sidereal—is traversed, although so rapidly that only a bare elementary sketch of the phenomena in each department can be attempted. In several chapters, nevertheless, especially those dealing with double and variable stars, the reader becomes conscious of guidance by an expert; and a certain unassuming ease of diction, coupled with occasional felicities of treatment, makes the perusal of the volume pleasant throughout, even to those well versed in astronomical literature. Since the book professes to treat of celestial scenery, not of celestial physics, we are scarcely entitled to regard it as an omission that next to nothing is said about the chemical constitution of the heavenly bodies; but we are justly entitled to complain that one of the few statements on the point (qualified, it is true, by a "probably") is misleading. The chief spectral ray of gaseous nebulae is now certainly known *not* to belong to nitrogen. The identification was always subject to grave doubt; it has of late been finally abandoned. For the present the origin of the line remains an enigma. All that we know as to the composition of these strange objects is, that they contain hydrogen, with which, in the "marvellous round of milky light below Orion," the solar element "helium" is associated. And it is very remarkable that the solar analogy is confirmed in Mr. Roberts's magnificent photographs by marked structural resemblances to the corona and prominences displayed during eclipses of the sun.

The rapid progress of modern astronomy might be curiously illustrated by enumerating the discoveries made while the pages before us were passing through the press. A few examples are worth citing. When Mr. Gore wrote, nothing had been ascertained about the rotation of Mercury; but his readers know, or might know, that it is performed in the identical period of his revolution round the sun. The planet thus, like the moon, travels in its orbit, turning the same face always inward; day and night are on its surface invariably apportioned to two opposite hemispheres; Pheon has there no swift chariot; Aurora no glad flush; dusk and dawn stagnate always in the same spots. This curious state of things, disclosed through Signor Schiaparelli's observations, gives the first tangible proof of the early effectiveness of solar tidal friction. Again, Professor Vogel's photographic, or rather spectrographic, demonstration of the real existence of Algol's eclipsing satellite came too late for inclusion in the volume under notice; as well as Professor Pickering's detection of the close duplicity of ζ Ursae Majoris. In both cases rapid orbital movement has registered itself by line-displacements in photographed spectra; but the companion of Algol is dark, while two bright and nearly equal suns are visually conjoined into one to form the middle "horse" of the Plough. The period indicated for their mutual revolutions is fifty-two days; the mass of each is at least eleven times that of the sun; their distance apart cannot be less than seventy-one million miles, but may be considerably greater. Already two other stars have given similar tokens in the periodical doubling of their spectral lines, of being similarly compound; and double-star investigations are, in this extraordinary and unlooked-for manner, plainly brought to the threshold of a new era. One other point may be mentioned on which Mr. Gore's information is behindhand—not, we repeat, through any fault of his, but through the inevitable and desirable effect of unceasing progress. Quite recently a controversy has arisen as to the nature of the spectrum of Uranus, some observers maintaining that it included evidence of strong original emissions; while Dr. Huggins's experiments showed the main part, if not the whole, of the planet's light to be derived by reflection from the sun. An appeal to Lick settled the question in the latter sense. With the "champion" refractor, in the translucent air of Mount Hamilton, the total absence of bright bands was manifest. Uranus is not, then, an incandescent, although probably a very much heated, body, water being apparently, as Mr. Gore points out, separated into its component gases in its atmosphere.

Of a certain order of critics—not, we admit, the highest—authors' slips and inaccuracies are the *pabulum* *vite*. And, although we hope to be provided with better means of subsistence, we are not disposed to let our lawful prey altogether escape us. We may, then, remind Mr. Gore that Palermo, not Naples, was the scene of Piazzi's discovery of the first minor planet. Nor are we aware upon what authority he attributes to Schröter the inference of synchronism in rotation and revolution as prevalent in the satellite system of Jupiter. So far as our information goes, Sir William Herschel led the way, both in divining the existence of the relation in 1792 from the analogy

* *The Scenery of the Heavens: a Popular Account of Astronomical Wonders.* By J. E. Gore, F.R.A.S. London: Roper & Drowley. 1890.

New Light from Old Eclipses; or, Chronology Corrected and the Four Gospels Harmonized. By William M. Page. St. Louis: C. R. Barnes. 1890.

of our own moon and the Saturnian Japetus, and in confirming it from observational data in 1797. It would, however, be rash to assert dogmatically that the Lilienthal astronomer, whose mind was equally active with that of his rival at Slough, though far less penetrating and comprehensive, can have had no satisfactory ideas on the subject. Again, our author's allusion to the "wonderful spectrum" of the variable star R. Geminorum conveys a completely erroneous impression. It is perfectly true that Father Secchi discerned in it, as he thought, the bright lines of hydrogen; but there is little or no doubt that he was mistaken. Vogel's subsequent and far more complete examination showed the light of this unique object to include the direct radiations, not of hydrogen, but of carbon, and to be thus of *cometary* quality. As a "transition-instance," then, the star might be expected to rivet the attention of stellar physicists; yet, strange to say, it has not been to any purpose spectroscopically observed since 1874.

Much has, on the whole, been done to render the little work before us fresh and attractive. Stereotyped assertions are, as much as possible, banished from it; the author has thought for himself, and has been lavish of pains in revising calculations and placing known facts in a new light. An appendix contains some tables useful to observers, giving the places for 1890 of the most remarkable red, binary, and variable stars. The illustrations have, for the most part, the merit of novelty. Many of them are reproductions of recent photographs; and very few have made previous appearances before the general reading public. Especially welcome are a series of beautiful drawings of Jupiter, made by Dr. Boedicker with Lord Rosse's three-foot reflector in 1882-3, and lately presented to and published by the Royal Dublin Society. The chapter on shooting-stars and meteorites is by Mr. Denning, of Bristol, an eminent authority in that branch of astronomy.

Mr. Page's *New Light from Old Eclipses* is a laborious and sincerely-directed attempt to establish the events of our Lord's life upon a sound chronological basis. We have no desire to speak harshly of the work. The author is evidently animated by the best intentions; he commands an easy and plausible style, marshals his arguments effectively, and is fully convinced of their unanswerable force. Moreover, his principle that the "art of verifying dates" depends mainly upon the right interpretation of eclipse-records cannot be gainsaid. But he is *not* an astronomer—at least not to any useful purpose—and the solar and lunar theories have by this time got beyond the possibility of valid correction by chance comers. The secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion cannot be abolished by a stroke of an amateur's pen; nor is the calculation of ancient eclipses to be despatched in the off-hand fashion exemplified in the volume before us. Whatever else may be the upshot of Ginzel's and Oppolzer's elaborate inquiries in this branch, they at any rate prove to demonstration that the subject is not one to be approached *au cœur léger*. The second part of Mr. Page's volume consists of a harmonized narrative from the Four Gospels founded on the corrected chronology set forth in Part I.

A BATCH OF REPRINTS.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS have just issued a batch of rather unusually comely reprints of works in all but one case classical—Moore's *Epicurean*, Brillat-Savarin's *Physiologie du Goût* (in English), Robinson Crusoe (with Cruikshank's Illustrations), Elia, and Mr. Jacob Larwood's *Anecdotes of the Clergy*. This last, honest book, is a little out of its company, but at least two of the others are possessions for ever. The *Epicurean*, to which some readers may be attracted by the excessively foolish and ignorant charge of plagiarizing from it which has been brought against the author of *She*, is by far its author's best piece of prose, and by no means a bad example of what English prose was just before it took to following the wandering fires of lawlessness on the one hand and affectation on the other. Defoe and Lamb need no praise from anybody. The special merit of these reprints is that the print is "sizeable" and clear, and that the volumes are clothed in a sort of imitation half-binding which has the air of being solid and is certainly comely.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE March number of *The Classical Picture Gallery* (Grevel & Co., London) continues a publication which aims at presenting us, at a very low price, with reproductions of the masterpieces of European painting. Each number consists of no fewer than twelve full-sized plates, and yet costs no more than a shilling. These pictures are, apparently, rendered by some cheap German mechanical process from photographs of the works themselves. They are oily in surface, and the details are somewhat blurred; but, when we consider the price at which they are put forth, the result is astounding. For one penny to get a very intelligible rendering of Giorgione's "Concert," or Dürer's "Adoration of the Kings," or of such an elaborate composition as Carpaccio's "Martyrdom of St. Ursula," seems quite astonishing. On each plate are given the name and dates of the painter, the

school he belonged to, the title of the picture, and the gallery in which it is now to be found, so that quite a little art-education is included. Even those who are accustomed to art of a costlier kind need by no means disdain to accept these photogravures—which are made, we think, in Munich—as notes to jog the memory. They would be very useful to lecturers in art-schools or before public audiences. Perhaps the most effective specimen this month is Fragonard's "Music Lesson."

The new brochure of the series of *Les Artistes Célèbres* (Paris: Librairie de l'Art) is devoted to Hobbema and the landscape-painters of his age in Holland, illustrated by twelve engravings, one after Jan Looten and the rest after Hobbema. The text is written by M. Emile Michel, who has previously treated Rembrandt and Terburg in the same excellent series. All that has been lately gleaned regarding the obscure and illusive career of Hobbema is here arranged with a great deal of skill and taste. The fate of this great painter offers an extraordinary example of the vicissitudes which attend the fashions of taste. During a century after his death the most persistent search has discovered but one reference to his name, that cursorily made by Van Gool in his *Nieuwe Schoubourg* in 1751. When his pictures made their appearance at public auctions, the price they fetched was ridiculous; in 1753 one of his paintings was sold for twelve florins. A little later, in order to get rid of them at all, other signatures were forged upon them. It was not until about half a century ago, and quite suddenly, that the value of Hobbema's work began to be perceived; and the landscapes now in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace were the first for which large sums were offered. The facts of his career were, until very lately, as obscure as his work, and it was not until 1864 that Scheltema discovered a certificate which proved that Meyndert Hobbema was born in 1638. He died, in extreme poverty, so late as 1709. A very interesting chapter sums up what is known of the predecessors and the conjectured pupils of the master, De Hulst, Decker, Guillam Dubois, Looten, and Van Kessel. With regard to Looten, however, M. Michel shows that it is ridiculous to treat him as the pupil of Hobbema. He was born much earlier, in 1618, and it would be more reasonable to suppose that Hobbema had received instruction from him. Looten, moreover, had come to settle in England, where he eventually died, by the time that Hobbema had begun to paint pictures. Van Kessel, it is certain, was the friend of Hobbema, who witnessed the certificate of birth of one of Van Kessel's children, but of pupillage there is no evidence of the slightest description.

The latest number of *Artistic Japan* (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.), conducted by S. Bing, contains an article on "Animals in Japanese Art," by M. Ary Renan, and a great variety of illustrations. The latter, however, do not form a very striking collection. A seventeenth-century design of "The Horseman Unhorsed" is mainly interesting on account of the trappings of the steed, which are copious and peculiar. Hokusai's "Hares" is a page out of that artist's celebrated collection of studies from nature. We learn from the note to this plate that the hare has always been a scarce animal in Japan, and that as much as 50/- or 60/- has been given for a fine living specimen by a Japanese collector. Of the pieces of fabrics reproduced, that which we most admire is the exquisite fragment of a waistband, ornamented with chrysanthemums worked in brown, blue, green, and buff silk, and dating from the seventeenth century.

There seems something incongruous in turning directly from the art of Japan to M. Edouard Garnier's sumptuous work on *The Soft Porcelain of Sévres*, of which the fifth folio instalment, in Mr. H. F. Andrensen's translation (London: John C. Nimmo), lies before us. There is nothing here of the mystery of the Far East; but the patient skill, the hard dry colour, the brilliant triviality of design of the age of Louis XV. Some of these specimens are among the finest of their kind. Here is a green cup à la Reine, presented to Marie Antoinette at the birth of the first Dauphin, in 1781; and this may be compared with the curious square cup, decorated by Léve, made for the same occasion. The reproduction of the plates is extraordinarily skilful; nothing could excel the purple and gold *ail de perdrix* of several of these fantastic vases. Not quite so successful is the pink which forms the base of the coloration of the amazing *vaisseau à mât* vase made at Vincennes in 1752. This is a very curious example of the highest French civilization of the age taking a hint from the grotesque art of China. Almost without exception the original specimens of Sévres illustrated in the present number are now in England. This handsome work is to contain, when completed, fifty plates, representing no fewer than two hundred and fifty subjects.

EGGS AND EGG-COLLECTING.*

FOR a book which its author declares is "intended to furnish as full and interesting particulars of ology—which may fairly be entitled to the dignity of a science—as can be found, or is likely to be required, in any popular treatise of its modest compass," *Birds'-nests, Eggs, and Egg-collecting* is sufficiently disappointing, as not only is it devoid of scientific merit, but it has no compensating literary interest. The introduction begins with a dissertation on "The Problem of Preservation," in which

* *Birds'-nests, Eggs, and Egg-collecting.* By R. Kearton. London: Cassell & Co., Lim. 1890.

the author holds forth, learnedly, no doubt; so learnedly, indeed, that we are fain to confess that we cannot arrive at his meaning, though we have a vague impression that he is of opinion that Darwin was in the habit of making rash assertions. The following quotation is a fair example of his style:—"Because we are unable to find any protective coloration in the plumage of a bird, its eggs, or nest, we must not conclude that such peculiarity is a mere accident or useless decoration." The introduction, in addition to the before-mentioned dissertation, contains instructions for "forming a collection," which, so far at least as field-work is concerned, are embodied in the delightfully ingenuous direction to "keep close watch on the building operations of the birds whose eggs are required."

The body of the book contains very meagre descriptions of the nests and eggs—without any mention of the time of year at which they may be found—of 144 birds, apparently taken at random from the whole number—376 according to the *Ibis* list—recognized as British. We say taken at random, as we find that, while common birds, as for example the willow wren, the wood wren, and the reed bunting, have no place in the book, the little stint, the grey phalarope, and many others which have never been known to breed in this country, are noticed, and several which rarely, if ever, breed here are described without a word to show that they are not in the habit of nesting regularly in the British Islands. The birds which are noticed are jumbled together without any attempt at order—natural, alphabetical, or otherwise. Thus on one page we find the little grebe, the capercailzie, and the meadow pipit; on another, the whinchat and the soter; and on a third the gannet and the quail—a stupid arrangement, which makes a constant reference to the index indispensable.

In the preparation of his book Mr. Kearton has drawn largely upon the works of other authors, without due acknowledgment of the fact; and we can only regret, in the interest of his readers, that he should have considered it necessary to alter their text, as in no case is his version an improvement on the original.

The following examples need no comment:—

THE CIRI BUNTING.

Eggs and Egg-collecting.

Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary.

Some low bush or furze is generally adopted by this bird for its nesting-place. The nest is composed of dry grass, roots, and moss, with generally an inner lining of hair; but sometimes without either moss or hair. The eggs number four or five, of a dull bluish or cinereous white with irregular streaks of dark brown, often terminating in a spot at one end.

THE LITTLE STINT.

Eggs and Egg-collecting.

The nest is situated on the ground, and is very similar to that of most of the sand-piper species, being a natural depression in the ground, with a lining of dead leaves, or other such material as may be procured within easy reach of the place chosen. The eggs are four in number, of varying ground colour, from pale brown to pale greenish-grey, spotted and blotched with rich brown, the spots generally confluent at the larger end; but the colour is probably subject to as many variations as the Dunlin's eggs already described.

The eggs of the little stint vary in ground colour from pale greenish-grey to pale brown, spotted and blotched with rich brown and with underlying markings of greyer brown and pinkish grey; sometimes a few dark brown streaks occur on the large end. The spots and blotches are generally large and often confluent on the large end of the egg. . . . The eggs of the little stint probably go through every variety to which those of the Dunlin are subject.

In conclusion, we will only add that, in our opinion, Mr. Kearton need be under no apprehension that his book will lead to "wholesale and useless collecting of birds' eggs," and thus to "the destruction of one of the greatest charms of country life."

DE QUINCEY'S UNCOLLECTED WRITINGS.*

IT was practically certain that the unlucky shortcomings, or rather overdoings, of Professor Masson's new edition of De Quincey would provoke some one to issue an independent appendix to the earlier collections of works, and for many reasons it is not surprising that Mr. Hogg should have done it. The reasons which we gave for dissatisfaction with the Edinburgh Professor's work not long ago, and which we need not repeat, are so many reasons for satisfaction with this attempt; though it still does not come up to what we should like to see. That is a supplement to De Quincey's own selections, not interfering with them in any way whatever, but adding all the separate uncollected essays that can be identified, together with all the variants and omissions of the *Selections*, as compared with the

* *The Uncollected Writings of Thomas De Quincey.* With a Preface and Annotations by James Hogg. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

originals. There may have been difficulties of the copyright kind in Mr. Hogg's way (the abysses of that Inferno are unsoundable, and we have known an edition of work the latest of which was more than fifty years old stopped at the Custom House at the instance of English publishers), or he may not have felt equal to a rather arduous and not particularly thankful literary task. But what he has given is fairly copious, is well prefaced and edited, and has the great merit of not interfering with or superseding in the slightest degree De Quincey's own arrangement of his own work. A particularly dramatic essay on "The English in India," written at the very time of the Mutiny, and full of the author's family interest in the matter, a curious review of Mr. Froude's History, in which De Quincey, one of whose oddities was a most John Bullish anti-Papalism, seems to be more of a partisan of Henry than Mr. Froude himself, a characteristic "appraisal of Greek literature," a collection of tracts on political economy, and some translated and other fiction, may be noted. But all is interesting and welcome.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE do not think that a comparatively new French magazine (about two or three years old), which we have ourselves noticed once or twice, the *Revue de Famille*, is as well known in England as it ought to be. Although calculated carefully for the family meridian, it is by no means intended for little girls or aged maiden aunts only; it even contains (characteristically enough) a money article, and has a *chronique*, by the now very popular hand of M. Henri Fouquier. Its *directeur* is no less a person than M. Jules Simon; its stories are written—we take recent numbers only—by M. André Theuriet, by M. François Coppée, by M. Léon de Tinseau, by M. Jules Claretie. It has articles by M. Emile Baguet, by M. Alexandre Weill, by "Gyp" (bless her!), by M. Edouard Rod, by M. Sarcey, by all the other eminent hands. There is not too much of it (weak brethren have been heard to complain that the "Revue" is rather a solid budget of literature), and it is not dear. "Pay your money. Read it," as Mr. Dowler would say.

Although the verdict once passed upon an English writer—that he was not a novelist, but only a clever and accomplished man who set himself to write novels—has sometimes been thought to apply to M. Cherbuliez, it is impossible ever to refuse merit to his books, and some judges think very highly of them. In particular, M. Cherbuliez, though his wheels as a mere story-teller sometimes drive heavily, has great knack at a catastrophe. The crucial scenes of the *Roman d'une honnête femme*, of *Méta Holdenis*, of *Samuel Brohl*, and of not a few others, are remarkably stirring; and the same may be said of the dénouement of *Une gageure* (1). The personages of the book are few—the important personages hardly more than four. Claire Vionnaz, daughter of a retired general of decidedly military tastes and morals, loses her mother, and is adopted by a certain Duchess half *mondaine*, half blue-stocking, with a figure-head husband. Claire adores the Duchess; the Duchess finds Claire a pleasant companion and a very useful factotum. Therefore she forgives her only in appearance when, in spite of a vow to herself never to wed, the young lady is wooed and won by a certain Count de Louvaigne, who, to make matters worse, is a kind of lover of the Duchess herself. The *gageure* is between the husband and the friend, Louvaigne betting that he will gain and keep his wife's real affection. How the Duchess by foul play seems likely to win her bet and recover her strayed sheep, and how at the last moment a *coup de tête* of Claire's restores the situation, are things worth reading, though there is more than one touch in the book that will not please English taste—that will, indeed, please it less than the handling of persons less irreproachable morally than M. Cherbuliez. It is, we think, the author's best book since *Jean Tétoral*.

M. Léon de Tinseau has recovered in our regard the place which he gained by *L'attelage de la marquise*, but which he certainly has not maintained by any of his too numerous books since. *Sur le seuil* (2) is a Nile novel; but that kind, though common in English, is rare enough in French to justify itself. The persons who are "sur le seuil" are brother and sister, and the threshold on which they stand is that of death—actual death from *la poitrine* in the case of Christian de Quilliane, and the living death of the cloister in that of his sister. There is no barring the door in the one case, for the Marquis has doomed and continues to doom himself, by his own imprudence; in the other Albert Comte de Séanc endeavours to carry off the bride of Heaven, sorely hindered by a perfidious old flame of his, a certain Clotilde Questembert, who has jilted him shamefully in earlier days, and endeavours to prevent his consoling himself by means more drastic than honourable. The vicissitudes of the story are well managed till nearly the close (the end is not quite so good), and the Nile scenes, stale as they are to Englishmen, are very well done. The nun, Esther de Chavornay, Mlle. de Quilliane's aunt, is very well drawn, and flattering, too, and "Mistress Crowe," the faithful Irish companion, is less of a caricature than usual. But the end, though M. de Tinseau piles up the agony to such a point that the victim's marriage dress (there is no fear of it, so we may let slip the secret) is actually

that which has been got ready for her profession, is somehow scarcely satisfactory.

Mam'zelle Quinguina (3) is one of those numerous books which might be generally entitled (if the title were not copyright) *Par de chance*, and which incur the reproach of unmitigated painfulness. The heroine Thérèse is the sport of fate throughout, and goes from misery to misery, and from degradation to degradation, hardly at all by her own fault. This kind of thing is not cheerful reading, though M. Oswald has handled his subject rather delicately than otherwise. There is at least one pleasant character, the girl Adèle, who is a kind of *ultima grisettarum*.

M. Ricard's new book (4) deals with the surprising and apparently distressful fate of a young, selfish, and exquisite Parisian barrister in suddenly finding himself saddled with an orphan cousin—young, but not young enough to send to school; penniless, and therefore in French eyes unmarriageable; with no religious vocation; and attractive, but not exactly pretty. The situation is further complicated by the obvious fact that the barrister is *au mieux* with a beautiful married woman. What became of Lucien Gérard and Suzanne Carnéac the reader may find out. M. Ricard in telling it has attained to something of the delicate, and yet not effeminate, touch of Jules Sandeau in his earlier days.

Those who wish for stronger, not to say coarser, meat may revel in crime with the next three books, though, with the exception of one short and perfectly superfluous passage in one of them, there is nothing "shocking," only a few robberies, murders, gougings, and so forth. M. Cadol (5), as was to be expected, relies least on the horrible, and his picture of a good young man induced to commit crimes, and nearly induced to commit murder (as in another way he does), by an apparently irreproachable private schoolmaster, may be called art. There is less art in M. Boucheron's (6) sketch of a sort of "Société des Treize" of a lower kind, headed by a successful scoundrel, who at last comes to grief; but here, also, there is ingenuity. The appeal of *La tombeuse* (7) to the souls well born is indicated on its very cover, where in a cellar four wicked men are letting a bound and gagged victim down into a well, with a hideous creature in woman's shape surveying the proceedings approvingly from a ladder. That the Seine runs at the bottom of that well who requires to be told? Who is so base as to ask to be told more?

We need only briefly notice a translation of Mr. Howells's (8) not least well-known book into French. This is well; for French is a much pleasanter language to read than American.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE writer of reminiscences is worthy of commendation who departs, as Baron de Malortie does in *'Twixt Old Times and New* (Ward & Downey), from the familiar, tedious way of self-indulgence that pours forth the whole unstinted story from the baptismal register to the present year of grace. Baron de Malortie's book is a medley of recollections, selected without regard to continuity; stories of life in camp and Courts, and on the road in many countries, told with the spirit of the genuine story-teller. The old times of the writer are not always his own old times, but they recall matters quite as good as those of his own experience—such as the story of the capture of a French general, at Waterloo, by an English officer of the reserve force, who won a wager of 100*l.* by riding, unsupported, into the enemy's ranks and carrying off his man. Then, too, we have an interesting "reminiscence of Bernadotte," and some capital stories of the Baron's ancestors in the days when Jérôme reigned in Cassel. Not less pleasant, as an example of Fortune's freaks, than the story of the general who found Bernadotte among his prisoners at Pondicherry, and did not meet him again, after parting with him as orderly, until he met him as King of Sweden, is the Baron's recognition of Mme. Schneider at a benefit performance of *La Périchole* as the favourite of a circus company who had charmed him years previously at a country town. There is plenty of good reading, too, in the author's recollections of Mexico, of the ill-fated Maximilian, his heroic Indian general Méjia, and of Juan Francisco, the Indian chief of the Sierra del Norte. There is an unforced dramatic quality in these recitals, as there is in Baron de Malortie's account of how M. Thiers played the part of Cassandra on the eve of the Franco-Prussian war—in which, by the way, the statesman shows to greater advantage than in certain other contemporary records. Brightness of style, combined with an agreeable variety of subjects, is the mark of *'Twixt Old Times and New*, and the book is as pleasing to the eye as an imprint of Constable's invariably is.

The fathers of the "dismal science," Adam Smith always excepted, are being rudely assailed in these days, and John Stuart Mill is the chief offender of them all. It is curious that, with all this battery of the orthodox pillars of the true economic faith, Adam Smith escapes scot-free. Hence we may learn that we

(3) *Mam'zelle Quinguina*. Par F. Oswald. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Cœurs inquiets*. Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Le chemin de Mazas*. Par Edouard Cadol. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Le roi des bonneterus*. Par M. Boucheron. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion.

(7) *La tombeuse*. Par F. Remo. Paris: chez tous les Librairies.

(8) *La fortune de Silas Lapham*. Par W. D. Howells. Paris: Hachette.

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may read the *Wealth of Nations* and not perish in the way. This is a useful moral. Messrs. A. F. Mumery and J. A. Hobson, authors of *The Physiology of Industry* (John Murray), battle strenuously with the errors of Mill and his followers, and advance much that is novel and striking in their theories of the scope of production, of consumption, over-production, economic checks, and trade expansion and contraction. For example, the scope of production, it is argued, is far more comprehensive than is commonly believed. Production is applied to the whole process of conversion of raw material into the purchasable commodity in the hands of the consumer. Thus distribution is absorbed in production, and what are usually considered several processes are regarded as one process. Even the shopman's act of handing over to the purchaser is but the final phase of production. There is, it must be admitted, a seductive simplicity in this view of the scope of production. The authors combat vigorously established theories of the beneficial effect upon the community of individual thrift and individual labour. One good feature of their book is the table of definitions of terms that prefaces it.

Mr. W. M. Acworth has lost no time in following up his interesting book on English railways with a very readable companion volume, *The Railways of Scotland* (John Murray). This is a concise review of the past history of Scottish railway enterprise, and a suggestive survey of the present outlook, with its notable activity of competition and exploitation. From both aspects Mr. Acworth's book, with its admirable map of existing lines and lines in progress, is eminently satisfactory. Burning questions of amalgamation or of competitive and retaliatory policies are treated with discretion. They are discussed, as was inevitable, but discussed within sober and proper bounds.

King Squash of Toadyland, by "an Envoy Extraordinary" (Field & Tuer), is an attempt in satirical romance of an ordinary kind. The satire of London society is mildly jocular and forcibly feeble. Its iron will enter into no soul, for it lacks any discernible edge or direction.

"The author of *Charles Lowder*" is opportune in offering to Easter tourists an English version of the Ober-Ammergau mystery drama, *The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau* (Allen & Co.), the dialogue in prose, the lyrics in verse, with the original German. The libretto, now first printed in English as a whole, is certainly well worth study, if not so abounding in poetic qualities as in simplicity and force. One of the most curious points to be noted is the invariable fidelity of the choral lyrics to the ancient function of the chorus in dramas. To the drama an excellent descriptive account of the play and the acting is prefixed. This, with the map and the plan of the theatre, will be found very useful to visitors.

Lothair's Children, by H. R. H. (Remington & Co.), is a somewhat bewildering book. It may have been written for those ill-constituted people who yearn for sequels, and we must own we should have liked it better if the writer had followed Lord Beaconsfield only in the whimsical sense that Thackeray followed Scott. It seems that Lothair married, and married Clare Arundel, one result of which is the kidnapping of his son and heir by a desperate band of Irish politicians, in circumstances amazing, and, indeed, prodigious. But we would not tell, in justice to the inventive and ingenious author, of the marvels of this wonder-moving story. Let the reader who is moved to know thereof read *Lothair* first, if he will, and *Lothair's Children* if he can.

English readers of Italian fiction translated will, we are inclined to think, sustain the praise Mr. W. D. Howells generously accords to modern Italian novels, after perusing Signor Fogazzaro's *Daniele Cortis*, as rendered by Mr. Stephen Louis Simson (Remington & Co.). The story is interesting, the characters well drawn, and the plot is no bugbear of dusky and many intricacies.

Of Tolstoi's trilogy of romantic reminiscences, *Boyhood, Adolescence, and Youth*, we have an excellent translation by Constantine Popoff in one volume, of good clear type, published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

In the "Minerva Library" the new volume of *Comedies by Molière* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) is a welcome accession to the multitude who are unfortunately debarred from reading the original. The selection is certainly excellent. The translation, by Mr. Charles Mathew, M.A., revised by Mr. G. T. Bettany, the editor, does not surpass expectation, perhaps, though it is better done than some. "The Affected Young Ladies" is English, no doubt, but it is not *Les Précieuses Ridicules* Englished aright.

We have also to acknowledge a second edition of Mr. William Robertson's historical romance, *The Kings of Carrick*, otherwise a revised edition of *The Kennedys* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.); Mr. Charles Whiting's *The Public School Music Course*, in Six Books (Boston: Heath & Co.); *The Congregation in Church*, fifth edition (Mowbray & Co.); and the sixpenny reissue of Kingsley's *Two Years Ago* (Macmillan).

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